

THE GREAT — THE ONE AND ONLY

# CAPTAIN BATTLE

COMICS

NO. 1

10¢



HURRY! HURRY!  
CAPTAIN, BEFORE THE  
BOMB EXPLODES!

44 PAGES OF CAPT. BATTLE!

OTHER SMASH FEATURES!

HARRISON

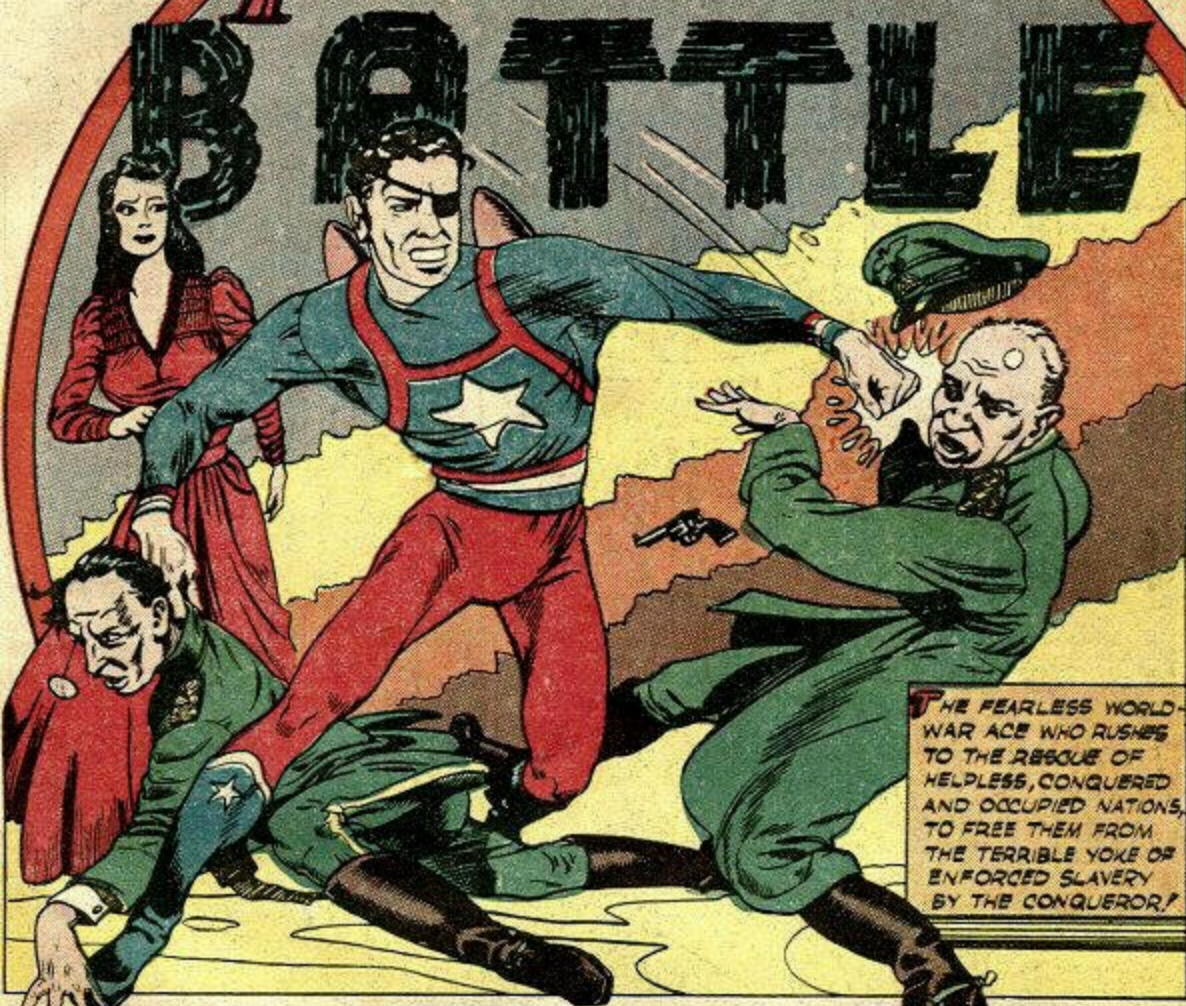


# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# Captain

## BATTLE



THE FEARLESS WORLD-WAR ACE WHO RUSHES TO THE RESCUE OF HELPLESS, CONQUERED AND OCCUPIED NATIONS, TO FREE THEM FROM THE TERRIBLE YOKE OF ENFORCED SLAVERY BY THE CONQUEROR!

PARIS IN THE SPRING 1941.



SEATED IN THE COCKTAIL LOUNGE OF THE HOTEL EMBASSY ARE SEVERAL GERMAN OFFICERS CELEBRATING A NAZI VICTORY.



THE FRENCH PATRONS HATE THE SIGHT OF THEM!



UNOBSERVED AT THE BAR STANDS CAPT. BATTLE WHO HAS COME TO PARIS TO SEE WHAT IT IS LIKE UNDER GERMAN HANDS...

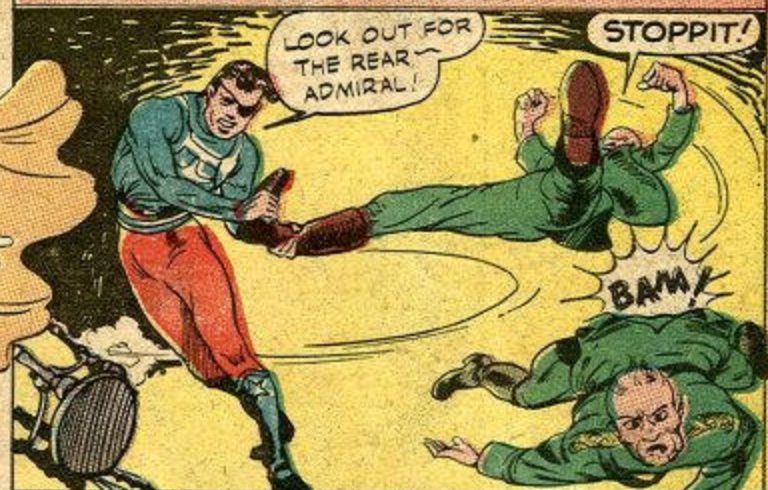
THE GERMANS REQUEST A SONG OF THE FATHERLAND. UNWILLING, ROSE CORORAY IS MADE TO SING IT FOR THEM.

AS SHE LEAVES THE FLOOR, DETZER, A GERMAN OFFICER, SWAGGERS OVER TO HER...



CAPTAIN BATTLE FLIPS THE STARTLED OFFICER OVER HIS BACK AND INTO THE OTHERS!

SWINGING THE ENRAGED DETZER BY ONE LEG CAPTAIN BATTLE FLOORS THE OTHER OFFICERS!



RELEASING DETZER ON THE "UP-SWING" HE CRASHES INTO THE CHANDELIER---



AND THE WHOLE KABOODLE COMES CRASHING DOWN.



AT THIS, ROSE LEAPS UPON THE TABLE TO LEAD THE FRENCHMEN IN THEIR NATIONAL ANTHEM--THE MARSEILLAISE!!



SUDDENLY--



THIS WAY CAPTAIN BATTLE! OUT OF THIS DOOR!



JUST THEN THE TROOPERS BREAK IN!



WHAT IS DER TROUBLE HERE?

REVENGEFUL, DETZER SEIZES ROSE-



SO YOU MAKE ME SING THE MARSEILLAISE! THIS TIME YOU DONT GET AWAY, SEE?



YA!

UGHH!

SLIDING BEHIND THE OVERTURNED TABLE CAPTAIN BATTLE FORTIFIES HIMSELF WITH THE HEAVY GLASS ORNAMENTS OF THE BROKEN CHANDELIER.

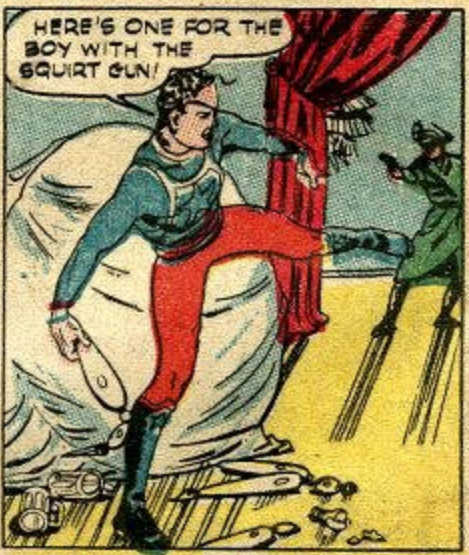


THIS FIRST ONE IS FOR OUR FRIEND DETZER!

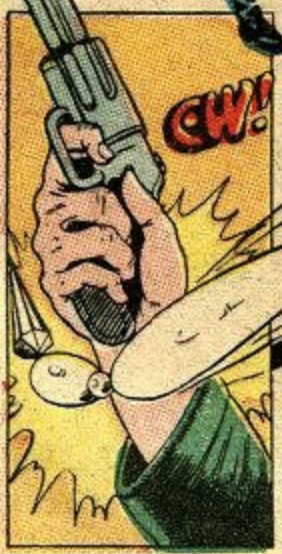


A PERFECT HIT!

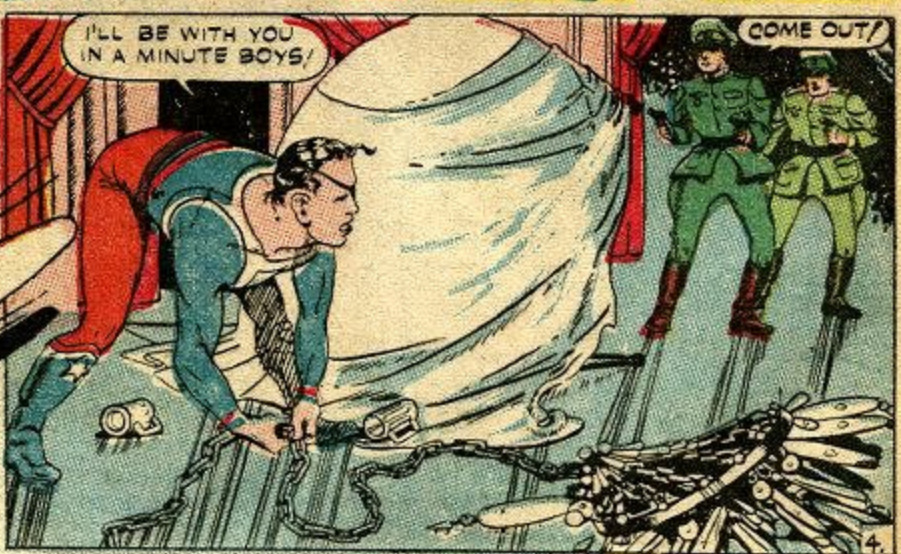
BONG



HERE'S ONE FOR THE BOY WITH THE SQUIRT GUN!

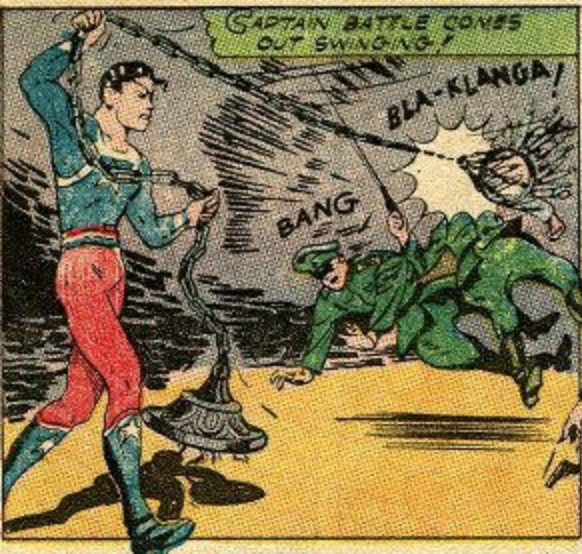


CW!



I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE BOYS!

COME OUT!



WHICH TRAPS THE NAZI LIKE AN ARGENTINE "BOLA"!



NOW'S OUR CHANCE, OUT THIS SIDE DOOR TO THE ALLEY!



QUICK! IN HERE!



THE THREE SLID INTO A SECRET PASSAGEWAY AS THE SOLDIERS TRAMPLE BY!



THEY ARE LED ALONG A TUNNEL, WHICH ENTERS INTO THE LARGE SEWERS UNDER THE CITY. HERE THEY FIND A LADDER LEADING UP INTO ONE OF THE BUILDINGS.





CAPTAIN BATTLE IS GREETED BY A BAND OF FAMILIAR FACES, HIS BUDDIES OF THE WORLD WAR!



HELLO CAP!  
YOU OLD BAT!

JOE TED FATCHY

WE FIND THIS IS THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF THE LAFAYETTE POST OF THE U.S. WAR VETS!



YOU SEE, WE SORT OF LIKED IT HERE AFTER THE WAR, SO WE GOT MARRIED AND STARTED IT ALL OVER AGAIN!

HA HA



MY NAME IS PRENTISS, I AM COMMANDER OF THIS POST. WE NEED YOUR HELP - WOULD YOU -

WOULD YOU BET? NOTHING WOULD GIVE ME MORE PLEASURE THAN ANOTHER ROUND WITH OUR FRIEND DETZER!



HRAY!



FINE! NOW, WE ARE LAUNCHING AN "UNDERGROUND" CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE NAZIS. SINCE YOU ARE AN EXPERIENCED WAR CORRESPONDENT, YOU WILL BE THE EDITOR-IN-CHARGE OF "UNDERGROUND PROPAGANDA" IF MISS CORDAY IS WILLING, THE SECRETARY'S POSITION IS OPEN!

OH GEE, COULD I? I COULDN'T GO BACK TO THE HOTEL ANYWAY AND I DO SO WANT TO HELP TOO!

SINCE WE HAVEN'T OUR PRINTING PRESSES INSTALLED YET I HAVE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN BEGIN HARASSING THE NAZIS! - LISTEN -

THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE NAZI CONTROLLED FRENCH PRESS APPEARS WITH A BLISTERING ATTACK ON THOSE WHO SANG THE "MARSEILLAISE" IN THE HOTEL EMBASSY!



I WANT DER SWINE, CAPTAIN BATTLE UND THE GIRL ROSE CORDAY, ARRESTED UND BROUGHT HERE TO ME, NOW CLEAR OUT!

YA, WE GET 'EM!

NOTICES ARE POSTED ON THE KIOSKS NOTIFYING THE PUBLIC OF THE NEW DEATH-PENALTY FOR SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE!



BUT THAT EVENING, A GROUP OF WEIRDLY CLAD FIGURES ENTER THE SEWER SYSTEM UNDER THE STREETS OF PARIS.



ABOVE ON THE STREETS...





Later ---



HERR HITLER IS NOT PLEASED WITH THIS SITUATION/WE HAVE GOT TO CLEAN-UP THE UNDERGROUND SEE?

YA!

UND DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT THAT CAPTAIN UND THE GIRL, UNDERSTAND?



YES, SIR, HERR COLONEL -

A FEW BLOCKS AWAY THE VETERANS ARE INSTALLING PHONOGRAPHS WITH RECORDINGS OF ROSE'S VOICE ---



THIS GAG WILL DRIVE OL' DETZER NUTS!

GAIN THE STRAINS OF THE MARSELLAISE RING THROUGH THE CITY!



BAH! ACH! LA MARSELLAISE

© ONE OF THE VETS' WINES PASSES BY -



DUMBCLOPS! SHTOONKEN IMBECILES! DON'T YOU HEAR THE SINGING! MUST I COME DOWN MYSELF?



LA CONGA!

ONE, TWO, THREE -



KICK!

YII!



SO I GOT TROUBLE BY SOUTH AMERICA NOW TOO! SHTOONKEN!

MEANWHILE - FURTHER DOWN THE SEWERS -



THERE IS CAPTAIN BATTLE! FIRE!

HAND ME DOWN MY LUCEFLYERS THEN PULL UP THE LADDER!



LOADING HIS LUCEFLYERS, POWERFUL ROCKET TUBES.



CAPTAIN BATTLE HURLS HIMSELF THROUGH THE SEWER LIKE A CANNON BALL!



BAH!



DOT FISH! HE'S LAUGHING AT ME! SHTOOKEN!



THUS THE NAZIS ARE ROUTED FROM THE 'UNDERGROUND' AND CAPTAIN BATTLE SOARS BACK TO THE YETI HEADQUARTERS...

SWELL! NOW THE PRINTING PRESSES ARE HERE WE CAN REALLY START!



PEOPLE OF FRANCE- ALL IS NOT LOST, THERE IS YET HOPE FOR FREEDOM!



AND SOON THE OFFICIAL NEWS PAPER OF THE UNDERGROUND IS READY FOR THE PUBLIC!





OKAY JOE,  
HAND UP THE  
PAPERS! LET'S GO!



LOOK PA-PA! IT IS NEWS FROM THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT! VIVE M'SIEUR BATTLE!



COME ADOLF,  
LET US GO!



KEEP YOUR EYES  
ON THE CLOCK!  
COUNT THE  
MINUTES!



SO, NOW WE SEE  
IF THEY WALK OUT  
ON DETZER!

THE MOMENT DETZER ENTERS, THE FRENCHMEN BRING FORTH THEIR WATCHES AND LAY THEM ON THE TABLE BEFORE THEM.

AND AFTER EXACTLY 15 MINUTES ELAPSES, THEY ALL GET UP AND LEAVE.

DETZER IS FURIOUS!



BAH!

LOOK AT GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS ---



HERR DETZER... MIGHT I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, I HAVE A PLAN.



I SUGGEST WE BLOW COLORED GAS DOWN THE SEWERS. THE GAS WILL SEEP OUT OF THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF THE "UNDERGROUND" SO DEN WE CAN DISCOVER DER LOCATION!

VAT?



ITS ABOUT TIME YOU DUMM CLOFFS BEGIN TO USE DER NOODLE! I SHOULD THROW YOU INTO A CONCENTRATION CAMP FOR NOT THINKING OF THIS SOONER! SHTOOKEN!



NOW GED OUT, SO I CAN PLAN MY UNDERGROUND BLITZKRIEG GET OUT!

HALLO/ DR. GOEBBLES? THIS IS DETZER YA-- NOW... VOA! --- WAIT LISSEN! I JUST THOUGHT OF AN IDEA HOW I CAN GET RID OF THE UNDERGROUND YA!



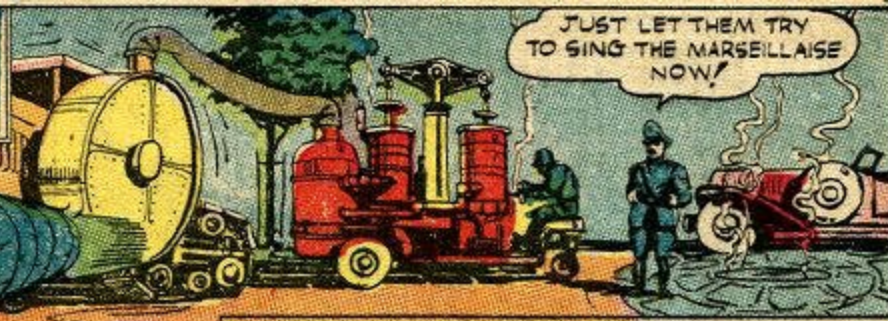
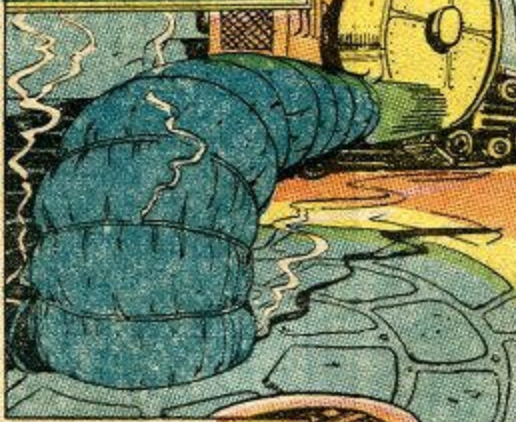
WE WILL COMMENSE OPERATIONS IMMEDIATLY! GIVE MY LOVE TO DER FUEHRER YA- AUF WIEDER-SEHEN!



NOW YOU STUPID OXES GET THOSE WIND MACHINES SET UP UND DONT TAKE ALL DAY ABOUT IT, NEIDER! IT'S A GOOD TING YOU'VE GOT A SMART COLONEL LIKE DETZER-YA-!

WIND MACHINES  
SOON BEGIN PUMPING  
THE COLORED GAS  
INTO THE LABYRINTH  
OF SEWERS.

JUST LET THEM TRY  
TO SING THE MARSEILLAISE  
NOW!



YA! DOTS A LOT EASIER  
THEN SENDING A WHOLE  
ARMY OF MEN DOWN  
TO GET LOST IN  
THOSE SHTOONKEN  
SEWERS!

SLOWLY THE GAS  
HAS BEGUN TO  
CREEP INTO THE  
VERY ENTRANCE  
OF THE "UNDER-  
GROUND!"



CAPTAIN BATTLE!  
LOOK! PURPLE  
GAS!

THIS IS DETZERS WORK!  
WE'VE GOT TO SEAL UP  
EVERY CRACK SO THE  
GAS WON'T ESCAPE,  
TO TELL THE NAZIS  
OF OUR HEAD-  
QUARTERS!

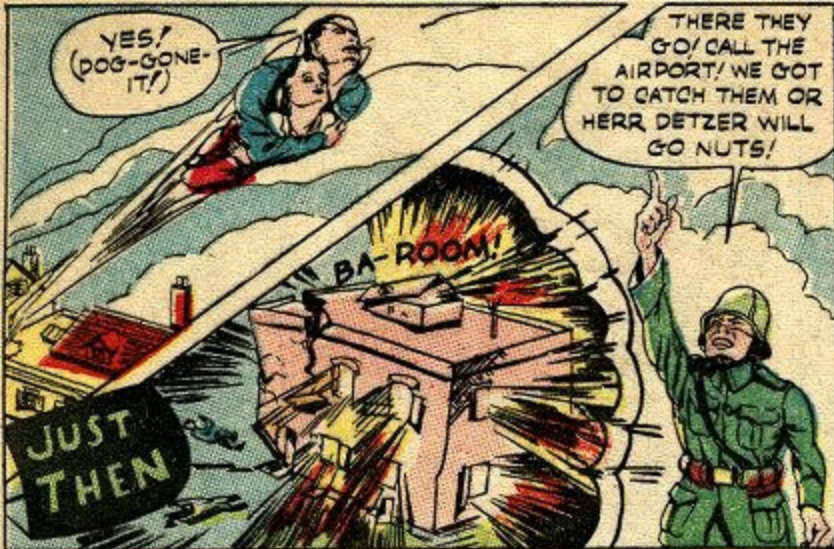
THE VETERANS ALL BEING HOME, RESTING AFTER  
THE NIGHT ACTIVITIES, ROSE AND CAPTAIN BATTLE  
STRUGGLE TO KEEP THE TELL-TALE GAS  
FROM ESCAPING!



CAPTAIN  
BATTLE!  
LOOK!







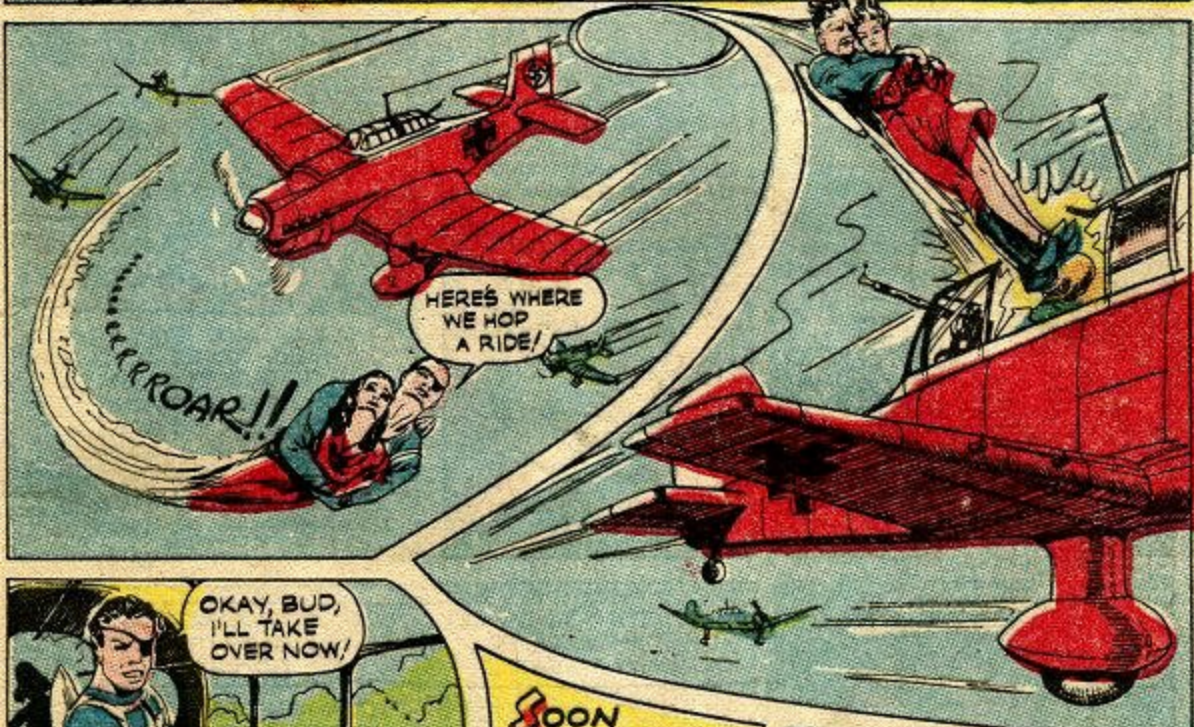
YES!  
(DOG-GONE-IT!)

THERE THEY GO! CALL THE AIRPORT! WE GOT TO CATCH THEM OR HERR DETZER WILL GO NUTS!

BA-ROOM!

JUST THEN

FEW MOMENTS LATER A SQUADRON OF STUKAS TAKE THE AIR!



HERE'S WHERE WE HOP A RIDE!

ROAR!!



OKAY, BUD, I'LL TAKE OVER NOW!

SOON THE OTHER PLANES ARE KNOCKED OUT OF THE SKY IN RAPID SUCCESSION...

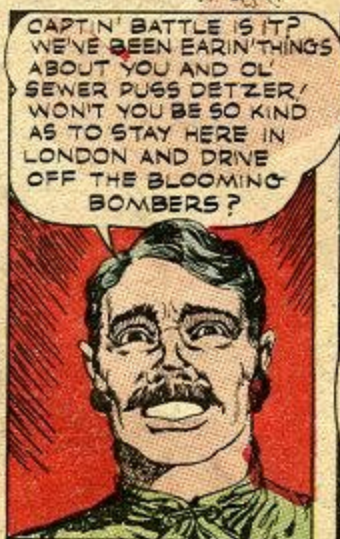


THIS IS THE LAST ONE!

SWITCHING THE RADIO TO THE WAVE LENGTH OF PRENTISS' SHORT WAVE RADIO



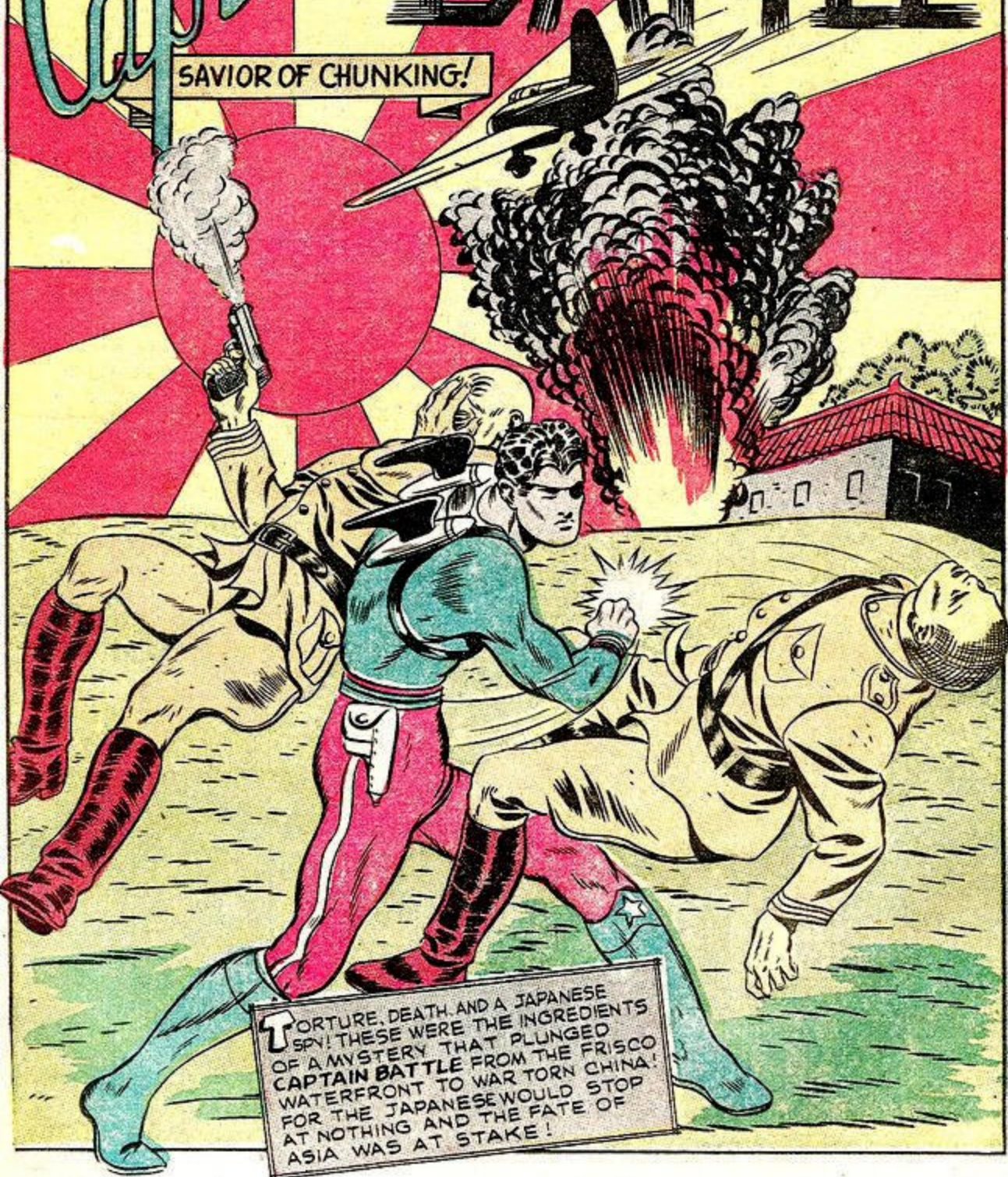
PRENTISS, I'M TAKING ROSE TO ENGLAND FOR HER SAFETY, I'LL RETURN IMMEDIATELY!



BUT... THE PEOPLE'S STRUGGLE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM CALL CAPTAIN BATTLE TO NEW, STILL MORE, EXCITING ADVENTURES... — IN NEXT MONTH'S SILVER STREAK

# Captain BATTLE

SAVIOR OF CHUNGKING!



TORTURE, DEATH, AND A JAPANESE SPY! THESE WERE THE INGREDIENTS OF A MYSTERY THAT PLUNGED CAPTAIN BATTLE FROM THE FRISCO WATERFRONT TO WAR TORN CHINA! FOR THE JAPANESE WOULD STOP AT NOTHING AND THE FATE OF ASIA WAS AT STAKE!

SAY... WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

DUSK FALLS OVER THE EMBARCADERO, SAN FRANCISCO'S FAMOUS WATERFRONT AS CAPTAIN BATTLE GOES FOR A STROLL.



RACING ALONG THE WHARVES...HE DISCOVERS A DOCK BRAWL...

TAKE THAT! HONORABLE DOG!

FOUR JAPANESE TO ONE CHINESE! I'LL LOWER THE ODDS A LITTLE!



TAKE THAT... MOST HONORABLE, SKUNK!



ONE OF THE JAPANESE WHIPS OUT A GUN... THIS WILL LIQUIDATE, AUDACIOUS AMERICAN!



BUT THE SLUG MERELY GRAZED CAPTAIN BATTLE! HE RECOVERS HIS SENSES TO HEAR...

A MOTORBOAT... THAT MUST BE MY PALS!



THE CAPTAIN PREPARES FOR ACTION...HE DONS HIS UNIFORM AND LUCEFLYERS NOW TO NIP THE NIPPONESE!

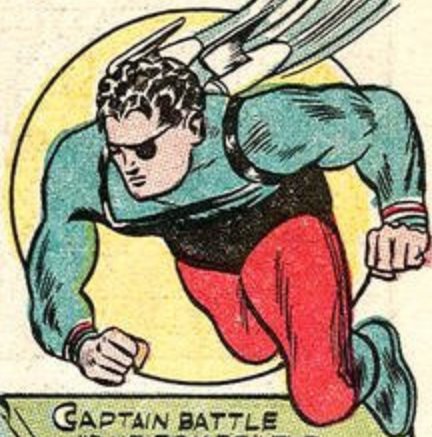


HIS BODY HURTTLES THROUGH THE AIR OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY!



IN A LITTLE WHILE, LU-SING, WE  
WILL TAKE THE GAG OFF.  
THEN WE WILL HAVE  
A LITTLE CHAT!

I COULD SWOOP DOWN NOW,  
BUT WHAT WOULD IT  
GET ME? I'LL FOLLOW  
AND SEE WHAT IT'S  
ALL ABOUT!



THE LAUNCH PULLS UP TO A  
JAPANESE "FISHING BOAT."

CAPTAIN, AH-OY!  
WE HAVE A PRIZE  
FISH FOR YOU!



CAPTAIN BATTLE  
"DIVE BOMBS" THE  
CROWS NEST!



BEFORE THE LOOKOUT  
CAN UTTER A PEEP...

AH-H!

QUIET,  
PLEASE!



STEALTHILY HE DESCENDS  
THE RIGGING...



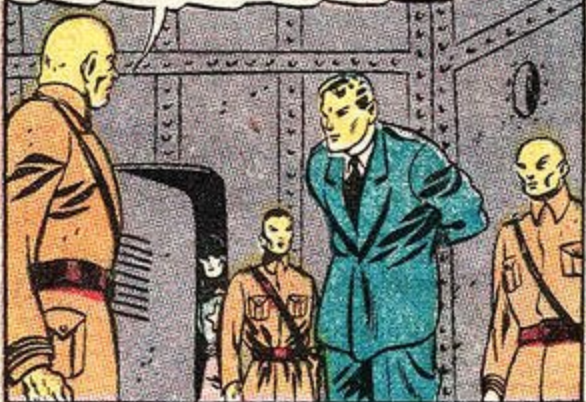
HE ENTERS A PASSAGE LEADING  
TO THE HOLD...

PHEW... I THOUGHT THERE  
WAS SOMETHING FISHY  
DOWN HERE!



HE MOVES TO A DOOR... OPENS IT SLIGHTLY...

AS AN AGENT OF THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT, YOU ARE WELL AWARE OF THE LOCATION OF GENERALISSIMO MAO TUNG'S SECRET BASE!



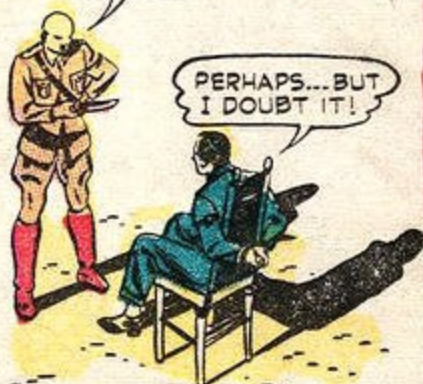
I ADVISE THE HONORABLE JAPANESE AGENT HATSUKA TO TAKE A CELESTIAL JUMP AT HIMSELF!



YOU'LL DO THE JUMPING MY FRIEND! TIE THE DOG TO A CHAIR!



PERHAPS, LU-SING, A RED HOT BLADE WILL PURSUADE YOU TO REVEAL THE WHEREABOUTS OF MAO TUNG'S 10TH ROUTE ARMY?



PERHAPS... BUT I DOUBT IT!

WE'LL SEE... HEAT THE KNIFE!



THE CHINESE AGENT SMILES AS HATSUKA APPROACHES HIM.

NO ONE NEED HOLD MY HANDS... PROCEED HATSUKA!



THE SEARING BLADE GOES UNDER ONE OF LU SING'S FINGERNAILS!



GREETINGS!

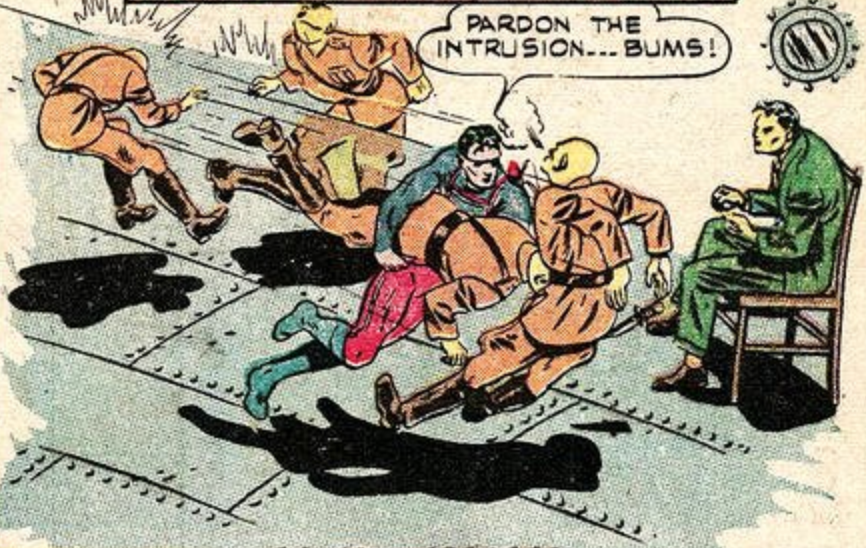
SWEAT POURS OUT OF LU-SING'S BROW AS THE KNIFE SEARS HIS FLESH!



**N**O LONGER ABLE TO STAND THE SIGHT OF TORTURE... BATTLE CRASHES IN...



**B**ATTERING RAM TACTICS...1941 VERSION!



PARDON THE INTRUSION... BUMS!

**L**U-SING ENTERS THE FRAY...



MEET YOUR FRIEND!

HAVE A CHAIR!

**B**REAKING FROM THE FRACAS, BATTLE AND LU-SING RUSH TO THE DECK...

GRAB MY ARM... WE'RE GOING FOR A SKY RIDE!



**W**ITH THE LUCEFLYER THEY SOAR HIGH INTO THE AIR!

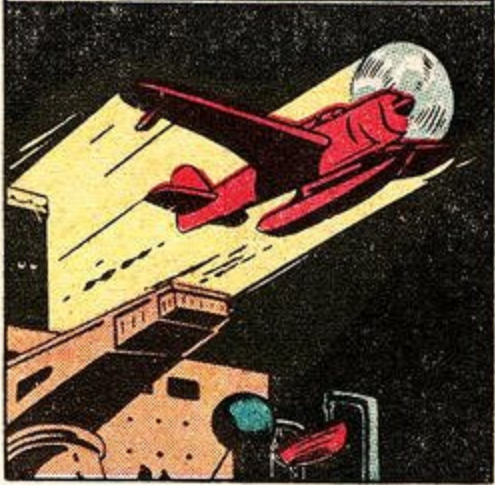


**M**ATSUKA IS AIRMINDED TOO!

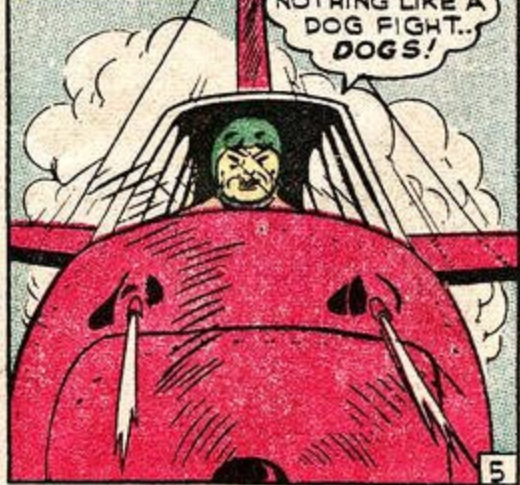
SWING OUT THE SECRET CATAPULT...



**J**APANESE SEAPLANE ROARS TOWARD THE FLEEING PAIR...



**H**IS GUNS SPIT FLAME!



NOTHING LIKE A DOG FIGHT... DOGS!



**A** STREAM OF BULLETS  
POUR DOWN!

SORRY... BUT  
I'M SHOT!



**A**NOTHER FUSILLADE...

THERE GO MY  
LUCEFLYERS!



WHAT A  
SPLASH!  
HAH! HAH!



**B**ATTLE PULLS LU-SING TO THE  
SURFACE... BUT HE'S DYING...

THANKS, CAPTAIN...  
REMEMBER  
CHINA!



**L**U-SING DIES AND BATTLE  
TURNS TOWARD FRISCO.

I'VE GOT TO  
FIX MY  
LUCEFLYERS!



**I**N A HIDDEN LABORATORY...

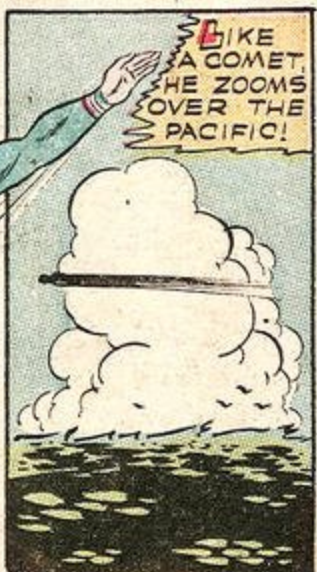
THAT DOES THE  
TRICK...  
NOW FOR CHINA!



THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT!  
THINK I'LL HEAD FOR  
TSUSEIN... THE  
JAPANESE-  
HELD PORT!



**L**IKE  
A COMET,  
HE ZOOMS  
OVER THE  
PACIFIC!



TSUSEIN...  
LAST STOP!  
NOW TO FIND  
MR. HATSUKA!



NIGHT AND DAY, BATTLE LURKS OUTSIDE JAPANESE ARMY HEADQUARTERS... WATCHING...

NO LUCK YET, SAY!

SUDDENLY HE DARTS INTO THE SHADOWS...

CURIOUS... BUT THIS GUY IS THE DEAD IMAGE OF LU-SING!

BUT IT CAN'T BE HIM... HE DIED IN MY ARMS IN 'FRISCO BAY!

ONE THING'S SURE... LU-SING WOULD NEVER CALL ON THE JAPANESE! NOT EVEN HIS GHOST!

**BOOM!** CAPTAIN SHOTS UP TO A WINDOW...

I THINK THIS IS THE GENERAL'S OFFICE!

HE TAKES A PEEK AND SEES...

HATSUKA REPORTING GENERAL!

YOUR DISGUISE IS EXCELLENT! ...WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED OF MAO TUNG?

CHINESE UNDERGROUND SOURCES, BELIEVING ME TO BE LU-SING CONFIDED THAT MAO TUNG... AND A FEW OFFICERS LEFT THEIR BASE TO GO TO CHUNKING TO ARRANGE FOR SUPPLIES!



HMM... MAKING IS STILL IN CHINESE HANDS, THOUGH WE'VE BEEN STORMING IT FOR DAYS! SUPPOSE YOU GO THERE AND KIDNAP MAO TUNG... BRING HIM BACK ALIVE... I WANT TO KNOW THE LOCATION OF HIS SECRET BASE!



*Meanwhile...* A GUN BARKS OUTSIDE... THE EAVES DROPPER IS DISCOVERED!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!



COME DOWN... SPY!



THIS ISN'T WAR... IT'S A PICNIC!



GLAD TO OBLIGE YOU!



BATTLE'S FIST BEAT OUT A LULLABY...

GO TO SLEEP, BABIES... WHAT? MORE?



SEIZE HIM!  
HE'S A SPY!



I THINK I'LL INDULGE IN  
SOME FENCING!

OS

THE JAPANESE CHARGE, HE SWINGS THE FENCE BEAM...

CLIMB ON, BOYS! THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR MORE!

OOF!

AWK!

YEOW!



**UP**  
HE  
GOES!

IF I HAD TIME BOYS,  
I'D GIVE YOU AN  
HONORABLE  
BRONX  
CHEER!



FROM BELOW A SEARCH-  
LIGHT PROBES THE SKY...

CAUGHT LIKE A MOTH  
IN A FLAME!

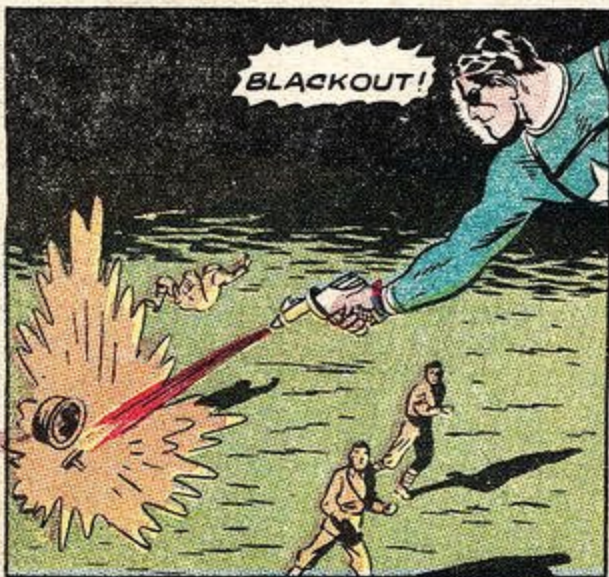


ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS GO INTO  
ACTION IMMEDIATELY!

I'VE GOT TO DOUSE  
THAT SEARCHLIGHT!

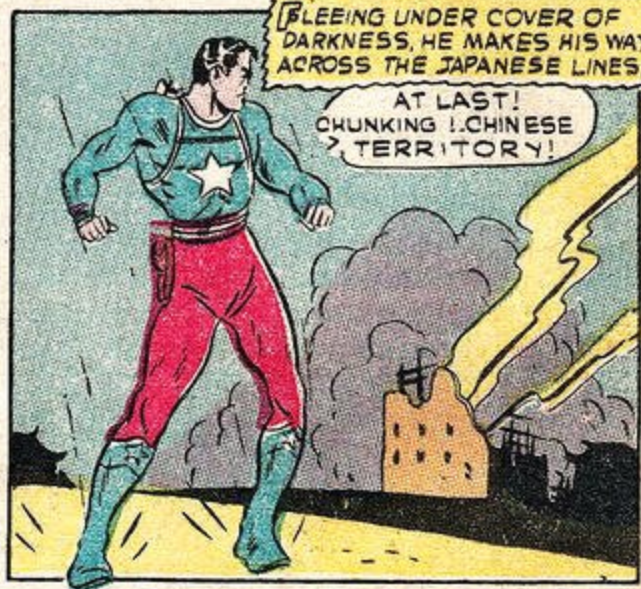


BLACKOUT!



FLEEING UNDER COVER OF  
DARKNESS, HE MAKES HIS WAY  
ACROSS THE JAPANESE LINES!

AT LAST!  
CHUNKING IS CHINESE  
TERRITORY!



I'VE GOT TO GET TO  
ARMY HEADQUARTERS  
AND WARN MAO TUNG!



OUT OF THE SHADOWS  
LOOMS A SENTRY.

HALT!....  
WHO GOES  
THERE?

A FRIEND!  
I COME TO SEE  
MAO TUNG!



A CHINESE OFFICER APPEARS...

YOU DID? ODD! ONLY  
A SPY WOULD KNOW  
MAO TUNG IS IN CHUNKING!



SPY? ABSURD!  
I'M AN AMERICAN!  
A FRIEND OF  
CHINA!

YOUR  
CREDENTIALS  
THEN?

I TRAVEL LIGHT...  
YOU MIGHT CALL ME  
A MINISTER WITHOUT  
PORTFOLIO!

A LIKELY STORY!  
YOU MAY TELL IT  
TO MAO TUNG!  
MEN... TAKE HIM  
IN CHARGE!



AS THE SOLDIERS LEAD BATTLE  
THROUGH THE STREETS, WHO COMES  
ALONG BUT HATSUKA, DISGUISED  
AS LU-SING...

I'VE HEARD OF HIM!  
HE IS REPORTED TO BE  
AN AGENT IN THE  
PAY OF THE  
JAPANESE!

WELL!  
I'LL BE...!

I'LL TAKE  
CHARGE  
OF HIM!



GO TO HEADQUARTERS AND  
REPORT THE CAPTURE!  
YOU'LL GET A MEDAL FOR THIS!

THE CAPTAIN IS DEPRIVED OF HIS LUCEFLYERS  
AND HIS PISTOL...

I'VE GOT TO HAND  
IT TO YOU... YOU'VE  
GOT YOUR NERVE!

STAND HIM AGAINST  
THAT WALL! WE'LL  
GIVE HIM A SPEEDY  
SEND-OFF!



CAPTAIN BATTLE IS LED TO A WALL...  
A FIRING SQUAD IS FORMED...

GULP!

READY...  
AIM...

BUT BEFORE HATSIKA CAN GIVE THE ORDER  
TO FIRE... THE ROAR OF MOTORS IS  
HEARD OVERHEAD.  
THEY ARE  
JAPANESE  
PLANES!

THERE IS A LOUD BLAST... A FLASH...  
IT'S A BOMBING RAID! THE FIRING  
SQUAD WHIRLS...

WHAT A  
BREAK!

STOP MEN... WE'VE  
GOT TO SHOOT  
THIS  
GUY!

YOU DO IT...  
WE'RE IN A HURRY!

RECOVERING HIS SENSES, BATTLE STAGGERS  
TO HIS FEET TO FIND...

ENRAGED... HATSIKA SEIZES  
A FALLEN GUN... PRESSES THE  
TRIGGER... BUT IT JAMS!

THIS OUGHT TO  
DO THE TRICK JUST  
AS WELL!

GONE... BUT I'LL FIND HIM  
IF I HAVE TO CHASE  
HIM ACROSS ASIA!

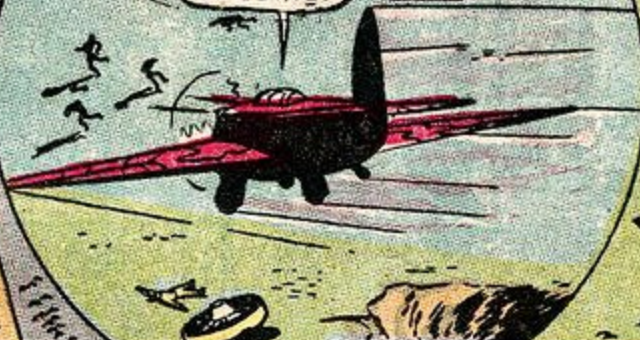
WHAM!

**THE** JAPANESE WAR MACHINE PURVEYER OF CULTURE, COMES TO BRING A NEW ORDER TO THE CHINESE "BARBARIANS". AND IF SOME CHINESE DIE IN THE PROCESS... THAT, AS THE JAPS WOULD SAY,... IS "TOO BAD!"

**CRASH!**

DOWN ZOOM FIGHTING PLANES, GUNS SPURTING, AS THEY STRAFE HELPLESS CITIZENS!

MOST AMUSING!



**M**OST AMUSING INDEED!



*Meanwhile,* HATSUKA GLARES UPWARD...

THE FOOLS! THEY WOULD ATTACK JUST WHEN I WAS GETTING RID OF THAT SPY!



FOR REPLY, ANOTHER BOMB DROPS... TOO CLOSE TO HATSUKA FOR COMFORT!

I'D BETTER DUCK INTO THIS CELLAR!





BLIVIOUS TO THE DEATH THAT RAINS FROM THE SKY, CAPTAIN BATTLE CONTINUES HIS HUNT FOR HATSUKA!



SUDDENLY...HE WHIRLS AT THE SOUND OF A POIGNANT CRY...

HELP! HELP!  
MY BABY!

HER HOME'S BEEN  
HIT! I'LL HAVE  
TO GET THEM  
OUT OF THIS!



BUT AS CAPTAIN BATTLE STARTS TOWARD THE WOMAN...



HE FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE ACRID SMOKE...



POOR THING!  
SHE'S DYING!  
BUT THE KID  
SEEMS OKAY!

FORGET ME...  
AND SAVE MY BABY!  
SOME DAY, HE TOO  
CAN FIGHT TO FREE  
CHINA !!

WITH THE BABY IN HIS ARMS,  
BATTLE HEADS FOR AN  
AIR RAID SHELTER... HE  
REACHES IT UNSCATHED!



THANK YOU...  
WE ARE VERY  
GRATEFUL!

IT WAS A  
PLEASURE!



**B**ATTLE TURNS... HIS EYE FALLS ON... HATSUKA!

AH! THERE YOU ARE!

YOU MEAN... THERE I WAS!

**H**E CHASES HIM ALL THE WAY INTO NO-MAN'S LAND!

I CAN'T SHAKE HIM OFF!

**T**HE LIEUTENANT WHO ARRESTED BATTLE SEE: THE CHASE AND...

THERE'S THAT SPY, BATTLE... SHOOT HIM!

**T**HE CHINESE SOLDIERS LET GO A FUSILLADE!

**D**ODGING BULLETS... BATTLE HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE AIR!

**C**LOOPING RIGHT KNOCKS HATSUKA'S MAKEUP OFF!

GOT HIM!

OWW!

*Meanwhile*... IN THE CHINESE TRENCH...

HERE'S ONE FOR CHINA!

WHY... THAT ISN'T LU-SING!  
IT'S A JAP IN DISGUISE!  
HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN!

LET'S GO  
'HATSIE'!



IN THE JAPANESE LINES, AN OFFICER SEES BATTLE DRAG HATSUKA TOWARD THE CHINESE TRENCHES...

OPEN FIRE... AND DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT HATSUKA!  
HE IS NO LONGER OF ANY  
USE TO US!



BATTLE DRAGS HIS PRISONER TO SAFETY...



LATER, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERALISSIMO MAO TUNG.

START TALKING, HATSIE...  
DON'T BE BASHFUL!



ICAME TO KIDNAP  
THE HONORABLE  
GENERAL... AND I  
WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED,  
BUT FOR THIS  
AMERICAN  
MEDDLER!



AFTER HATSUKA IS LED TO PRISON.

YOU HAVE DONE A  
GREAT SERVICE  
FOR ME AND CHINA!  
I GIVE YOU MY  
HEARTFELT THANKS!

YOU'RE  
WELCOME  
GENERAL!  
IF YOU NEED  
ME, JUST DROP  
ME A LINE!



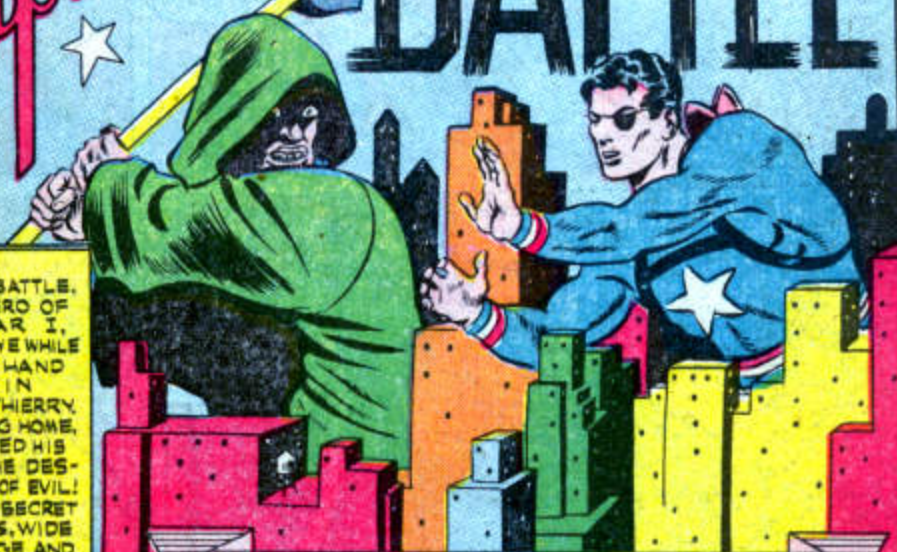
FOLLOW  
THE ONE AND ONLY  
**CAPTAIN  
BATTLE**

IN FAST-MOVING  
EXCITING ADVENTURES  
EXCLUSIVELY IN

**SILVER STREAK  
COMICS**  
EVERY MONTH!

# Captain Battle

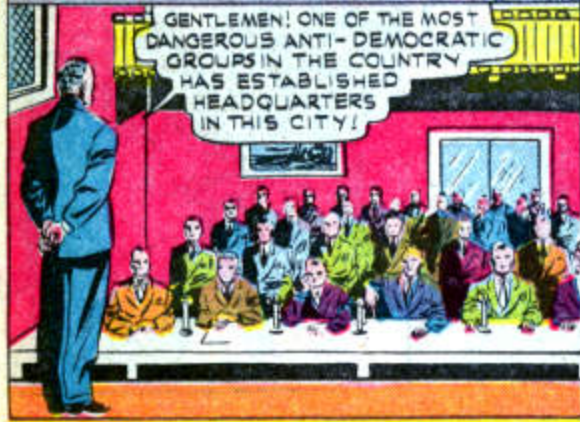
# BATTLE



**C**APTAIN BATTLE, FAMOUS HERO OF WORLD WAR I, LOST AN EYE WHILE FIGHTING HANOI TO HAND IN CHATEAU THIERRY, RETURNING HOME, HE DEDICATED HIS LIFE TO THE DESTRUCTION OF EVIL! HIS MANY SECRET INVENTIONS, WIDE KNOWLEDGE AND AMAZING STRENGTH FORM AN UNBEATABLE COMBINATION! DEFENDER OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, FIGHTER FOR JUSTICE, CAPTAIN BATTLE IS AMERICA'S HERO! THE IDOL OF THE NATION'S YOUTH!

**C**HICAGO....TEEMING METROPOLIS, WHICH RID ITSELF OF THE NATION'S WORST RACKET MOBS... AGAIN HITS THE FRONT PAGE, AS CAPTAIN BATTLE, DEDICATED TO FREEDOM'S CAUSE, PITS HIMSELF AGAINST A SINISTER GROUP OF MEN WHO APPROPRIATELY CALL THEMSELVES, THE F.F.F. (FIRE, FORCE AND FEAR!) THEY ARE THE DREAD ENEMIES OF THE PEOPLE, AS THE FEARFUL SHADOW OF THE F.F.F. LOOMS OVER THE CITY... A GROUP OF MEN GATHER ON THE NORTH SIDE...

**B**RISTOL BARLETT, HEAD OF THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR PRESERVATION OF DEMOCRACY, ADDRESSES THE MEETING OF WORRIED PATRIOTS!



GENTLEMEN! ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS ANTI-DEMOCRATIC GROUPS IN THE COUNTRY HAS ESTABLISHED HEADQUARTERS IN THIS CITY!

**B**ARLETT PAUSES TO ASK THE REPORTERS A FAVOR... AMONG THEM IS KELLY, CAPTAIN BATTLE'S NEWSPAPER PAL...



WHAT I'M GOING TO SAY NOW, MUST BE WITHHELD FROM PUBLICATION... FOR OUR COUNTRY'S SAKE! DO YOU AGREE, BOYS?

SURE! YOU CAN TRUST US, MR. BARLETT!

WE HAVE LEARNED THAT THE CHICAGO HOODED LEAGUE HAS BRANCHES IN ALL MAJOR CITIES, CALLING THEMSELVES THE F.R.R. AND THEIR LEADER'S NAME IS...

AS THE CHARMAN IS ABOUT TO MAKE HIS STARTLING DISCLOSURE, THE LIGHTS GO OUT!

WHAT TH'?

FIND THE SWITCH!

I'VE GOT IT, BUT IT DOESN'T WORK!



SUDDENLY A NEEDLE OF LIGHT PIERCES THE DARKNESS... SLOWLY IT MOVES ACROSS THE FACES OF THE AUDIENCE...

WHAT'S THIS... A GAG?

IT'S COMING FROM THE BALCONY!



...AND STOPS ABRUPTLY ON BARLETT'S FACE!

HEY! CUT OUT THAT LIGHT!



FOR ONE OMINOUS MOMENT, THE LIGHT LINGERS ON THE PATRIOT'S FACE... THEN A SHOT RINGS OUT!

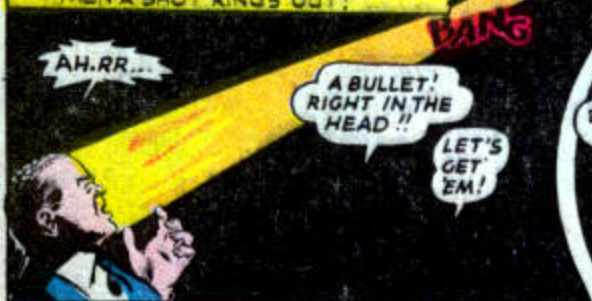
*But* THE DOOR LEADING TO THE BALCONY OPENS... REVEALING CAPTAIN BATTLE!

AH.RR...

A BULLET! RIGHT IN THE HEAD!!

LET'S GET 'EM!

TOO LATE! BUT NOT TOO LATE TO GET THE KILLER!



CAPTAIN BATTLE DISCERNS A STRANGE, GREEN HOODED FIGURE... WITH A LOOPING SWING, HE GOES INTO ACTION!

*But* THE HOODED MAN RECOVERS AND VICIOUSLY SWINGS THE BUTT OF HIS RIFLE!

SWEET DREAMS RAT!

YEOW!

I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR DREAMING, FELLOW!

CRACK!



*The* CUT WIRES ARE FIXED... THE LIGHTS FLASH ON... BUT THE HOODED MAN HAS DISAPPEARED! THIS RIFLE IS EQUIPPED WITH A FLASHLIGHT... LIKE THE ONES USED FOR HUNTING MOOSE AT NIGHT!

WELL, CAPTAIN BATTLE! WHAT HIT YOU?



**Suddenly...**...A MAN AT THE PRESS TABLE  
DOWNSTAIRS, POINTS AN ACCUSING  
FINGER AT CAPTAIN BATTLE!

ABSURD! THE  
KILLER SLUGGED  
ME WITH THIS GUN!

HE'S THE MURDERER!  
AND I'M GOING TO  
SAY SO IN MY  
PAPER!

SUSPECTED OF THE SLAYING, THE CAPTAIN  
MAKES A BREAK FOR FREEDOM...

SORRY, FELLOWS... BUT THIS HURTS ME MORE  
THAN IT DOES YOU! SEE  
YOU LATER, KELLY!

NOT IF I SEE YOU  
FIRST! YOU'VE GOT 'JAIL'  
WRITTEN ALL OVER YOU!

As the captain smashes  
his way out of the  
meeting room, Kelly rushes  
back to the press room!

YEA! KILLED INSTANTLY!  
A REPORTER SUSPECTS  
CAPTAIN BATTLE... BUT  
I'M NOT SO SURE!

...AFTER SOCKING  
THE COPS WHO RAN  
INTO THE HALL, THE  
CAPTAIN RAN TO THE  
EMERGENCY EXIT AND  
JUMPED TO THE STREET!

FOOLS! I WONDER  
WHAT THEY'D DO IF  
THEY KNEW THE  
SLAYER WAS  
STANDING  
RIGHT BEHIND  
THEM?

HAVING PHONED THE STORY TO HIS OFFICE,  
KELLY GOES TO THE HOTEL LOBBY WHERE  
HE MEETS CAPTAIN BATTLE'S SECRETARY.

GOSH! HE WOULD  
KNOCK THE POLICE  
FORCE AROUND!  
THAT GUY IS  
TROUBLE!

YOU KNOW THE CAPTAIN!  
EXCUSE ME! I SEE  
A MAN, I DON'T LIKE!  
I'LL BE BACK IN A  
JIFFY!

KELLY TRAILS THE NEWS-  
PAPERMAN WHO ACCUSED  
THE CAPTAIN OF  
BARLETT'S MURDER.

I THOUGHT I RECOG-  
NIZED HIM! HE'S THOMP-  
SON, EDITOR OF MID-WEST  
NATIONALIST... A PAPER  
THAT LIKES THE WAY  
HITLER DOES THINGS!

NOW IS THE TIME TO  
STRIKE... WHILE THE  
TOWN'S CHASING  
CAPTAIN BATTLE!

As Kelly follows Thompson, Captain Battle  
having donned civilian clothes,  
steps from the shadows...

FOLLOW  
THAT  
LIMOUSINE!

DON'T  
SPARE THE  
HORSES JOE!  
I'M IN A HURRY!

FOLLOW  
THAT TAXI!

STEPPING INTO THE LIMOUSINE, THOMPSON GETS A SHOCK!

WHAT TH... MAJOR DAVIS?

IF MY MAKEUP FOOLED YOU, IT OUGHT TO FOOL THE ARMY!



BOB STEWART! PERFECT! BUT, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAJOR?

HE REPOSES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CHICAGO RIVER! I SUPPOSE YOU GOT RID OF BARLETT?



**B**OB STEWART, AN AIDE OF THOMPSON'S, HAS KILLED THE MAJOR AND IN DISGUISE, IS TAKING HIS PLACE!

AS HE PICKS UP A SHORT-WAVE RADIO MICROPHONE... THOMPSON EXPLAINS...

I HAD TO WORK FAST--RUNNING TO THE PRESS TABLE FROM BALCONY WAS HARD ENOUGH, BUT THAT CAPTAIN BATTLE ALMOST UPSET MY PLANS!...CALLING ALL LEAGUE CARS...



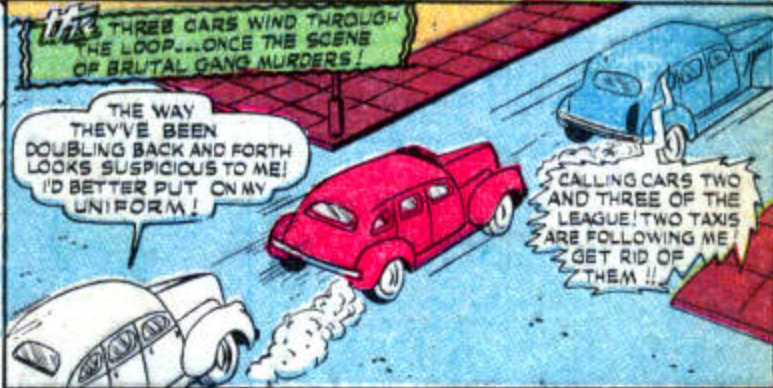
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?? I THOUGHT THE UPRISING STARTS TOMORROW!

CALLING THE LEAGUE! ATTENTION! YOUR LEADER SPEAKS! STRIKE NOW! FRAME THE PEOPLE'S DEMOCRATIC LEADERS... SMASH CHURCHES AND UNIONS! SPREAD TERROR! SHOW NO MERCY...



**T**HREE CARS WIND THROUGH THE LOOP...ONCE THE SCENE OF BRUTAL GANG MURDERS!

THE WAY THEY'VE BEEN DOUBLING BACK AND FORTH LOOKS SUSPICIOUS TO ME! I'D BETTER PUT ON MY UNIFORM!



CALLING CARS TWO AND THREE OF THE LEAGUE! TWO TAXIS ARE FOLLOWING ME! GET RID OF THEM!!

**R**ESPONDING TO THE CALL OF THEIR LEADER, TWO SEDANS LOADED WITH HOODED MEN CONVERGE ON THE TAXIS...THEN MACHINE GUNS RATTLE....

HAH...HAH! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE RIDE BOYS... CHICAGO STYLE?



THEY'RE USING INCENDIARY BULLETS! KELLY'S CAB IS ON FIRE...

CAPTAIN BATTLE RUSHES TO AID KELLY!

OUR HOODED PALS  
ARE SCRAMMING! GUESS I  
OUGHT TO THANK YOU... BUT  
I WON'T, TILL I KNOW WHO  
YOU ARE!

SOME DAY,  
SAY!  
WHAT'S THAT  
NOISE!

LOOKS LIKE THE LEAGUE  
HAS STARTED ITS DIRTY  
WORK! WE MUST STOP ITS  
SPREAD ACROSS THE COUNTRY!

I'LL CALL MY  
OFFICE! SEE  
YOU LATER!

DISGUISED AS HONEST RAILROAD WORKERS, A GANG OF HOODED MEN PLANT A BOMB ON THE TRACKS OF THE 'EL'. IT EXPLODES WITH A ROAR... A STRING OF CARS PLINGS INTO THE STREET, THE WORKMEN ARE BLAMED AS THE REIGN OF TERROR BEGINS...

HOODED MEN POUR INTO THE STREET... THE  
DECENT CITIZENS ARE COWED! SUCH SCENES  
ARE DUPLICATED THROUGHOUT THE CITY!

DOWN WITH DEMOCRACY  
UP WITH FASCISM!

WE SURRENDER...  
I'D RATHER WEAR A HOOD  
THAN A WOODEN BOX!

THEY'LL CHAIN  
YOU WITH LIVING DEATH!  
ALL THOSE WHO  
LOVE FREEDOM,  
FOLLOW ME!

HE'S RIGHT!  
C'MON WE CAN  
ONLY DIE  
ONCE!

THE CAPTAIN'S CLARION CALL INSPIRES THE MEN  
WITH SWINGING FISTS AND FEARLESS HEARTS  
THEY CHARGE THE HOODED MEN!

KILL!  
KILL!  
KILL!

IF WASHINGTON  
WERE ALIVE,  
THIS IS ONE  
FIGHT HE  
WOULDN'T  
MISS!



**The OFFICE OF THE CITY-WIDE PRESS AGENCY...**

SWELL STORY, KELLY! NOW GO TO THE MILITARY CLUB! ALL THE ARMY OFFICERS IN TOWN ARE GOING THERE TO SET UP EMERGENCY HEADQUARTERS!



**Meanwhile...**

BEAT IT DOWN TO THE MILITARY CLUB, MAJOR! AND DO YOUR STUFF! I'M GOING TO WATCH THE LEAGUE'S PROGRESS FROM MY PLANE!



**CONCEALING THE GUN UNDER HIS COAT, THE FAKE OFFICER ENTERS THE MILITARY CLUB...**

WE'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU MAJOR DAVIS! WE'RE SETTING UP A PLAN TO DEFEND THE CITY!

GOOD EVENING GENERAL!



**In the CONFERENCE ROOM...**

CONFIDENTIAL ORDER TO ALL ARMY POSTS IN AREA 52: SEND REINFORCEMENTS AT ONCE! SITUATION OUT OF POLICE CONTROL!

I'LL HAVE TO PUT A STOP TO THAT!

THE ATTACK CAN BE LAUNCHED FROM THREE POINTS!



**Suddenly, the FAKE OFFICER GOES INTO ACTION...**

SORRY! BUT THE CONFERENCE IS OVER GENTLEMEN!!



**The MACHINE GUN MOWS DOWN THE OFFICERS. CAPTAIN BATTLE AND KELLY BREAK INTO THE ROOM...**



NOW TO COUNTERMAND THAT ORDER FOR REINFORCEMENTS!

OH, NO YOU DON'T!



TREMENDOUS SERIES OF BLASTS SHAKE THE CITY! THE HOODED MEN CONTINUE THEIR SLAUGHTER... BUT THE EMBATTLED PEOPLE OFFER A STOUT RESISTANCE. OVER THIS SCENE OF TERROR AND DEATH FLIES THE GLOATING THOMPSON THE MAN WHO WOULD RULE AMERICA!

HA! HA! HA!  
KILL! KILL!  
KILL!

BOOM!

WHAM!

THE LEADER SAID 'SHOW NO MERCY!'

MERCY!  
MERCY!

CAPTAIN AND KELLY RANGE THE SKY IN SEARCH OF THOMPSON... AT LAST KELLY SPOTS THE OBJECT OF THEIR HUNT...

THERE IT IS... THE GREEN PLANE! GET SET FOR A DIVE! I'M GOING TO PUMP HIM FULL OF LEAD!

THAT WON'T STOP THE FASCISTS! JUST HOVER OVER HIM... I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

THEIR PLANE SWOOPS DOWN!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

BOARD HIM IN MID-AIR!

WHAT TH'?

**The** CAPTAIN ATTEMPTS THE MOST DANGEROUS FEAT IN AERIAL STUNTING!

HURRAY FOR THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE!

BUT THOMPSON HAS ANOTHER NOTION...

I DON'T LIKE INTRUDERS, MISTER! TAKE A WALK!

MISSED ME! AS A SHARPSHOOTER, HE'D MAKE A SWELL BUM!

IF THOMPSON TAKES A NOTION TO BANK OR DIVE, I'LL MISS... I'D RATHER NOT USE MY LUCEFLYERS!

YOU RAT!

GRABBING THE GUN.... THE CAPTAIN BARKS AN ORDER...

CALL YOUR PALS AND TELL THEM THEY'RE BEATEN! TELL THEM TO RETREAT!

CALLING THE LEAGUE! CEASE FIRING... WE'VE LOST! REPORT AT ONCE TO HEADQUARTERS!

CEL CIVILIAN PATRIOT AND A POLICE SERGEANT IN A PATROL CAR, PICK UP THE CAPTAIN'S VOICE....

CALLING ALL POLICE CARS AND FRIENDS OF DEMOCRACY... PROCEED TO THE NATIONALIST BUILDING! THE HOODED MEN WILL BE FALLING BACK THERE! LONG LIVE DEMOCRACY!

BEFORE THOMPSON CAN FIRE AGAIN, THE CAPTAIN LUNGES...

DO AS I SAY, OR I'LL MELT YOU INTO A JELLO PUDDING....

YEOW!

HE'S RIGHT! ALL THE SHOOTING'S STOPPED! LET'S GO!

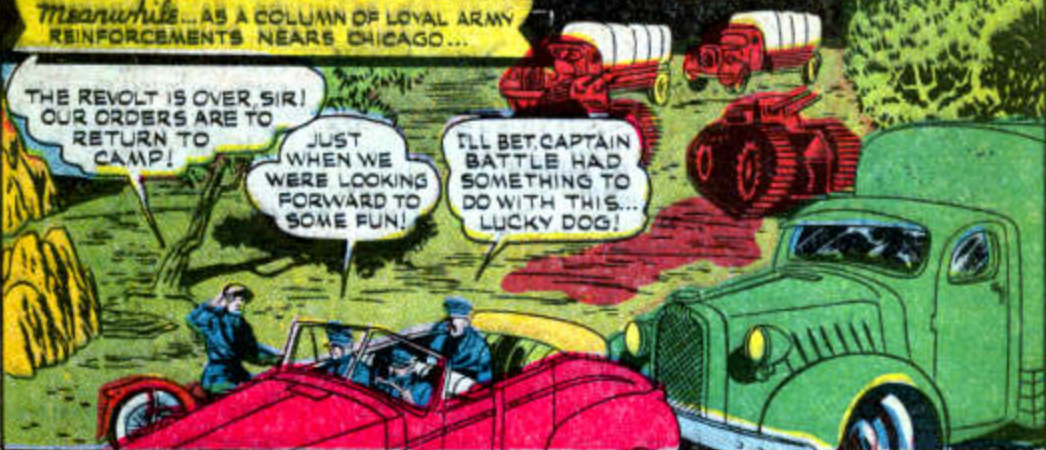
LEARNING THE LOCATION OF THE LEAGUE HEADQUARTERS, THE CAPTAIN TWIRLS THE DIAL TO POLICE WAVE LENGTH AND...

*Meanwhile...* AS A COLUMN OF LOYAL ARMY REINFORCEMENTS NEARS CHICAGO...

THE REVOLT IS OVER SIR!  
OUR ORDERS ARE TO  
RETURN TO  
CAMP!

JUST WHEN WE  
WERE LOOKING  
FORWARD TO  
SOME FUN!

I'LL BET, CAPTAIN  
BATTLE HAD  
SOMETHING TO  
DO WITH THIS...  
LUCKY DOG!



POLICE ROUND UP THE HOODED MEN!

COME ON  
YOU RATS,  
MOVE ON!

DON'T SHOOT!  
WE'VE HAD  
ENOUGH!

KEEP  
MOVING!



THE CHIEF'S OFFICE AT  
POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

CAPTAIN  
BATTLE!

YES... I WANTED  
POWER... HE WAS  
IN MY WAY AND  
HAD TO BE  
REMOVED!

HERE'S  
BARLETT'S  
KILLER!



*Later...* AT THE HOTEL...

DON'T ASK ME! WHEN THE  
EXCITEMENT STARTED,  
I KNOCKED ON HIS  
DOOR... THERE WAS  
NO ANSWER SO I  
SPENT THE LAST  
FEW HOURS IN  
THE CELLAR WITH  
THE OTHER  
GUESTS

WELL, IT'S  
ALL OVER...  
WHERE'S  
THE CAPTAIN?



THE CAPTAIN APPEARS IN  
CIVILIAN CLOTHES...

SPEAK OF  
THE DEVIL!  
WHERE HAVE  
YOU BEEN?

HO! HUM! JUST  
SLEEPING... WHY?  
ANYTHING  
HAPPEN?

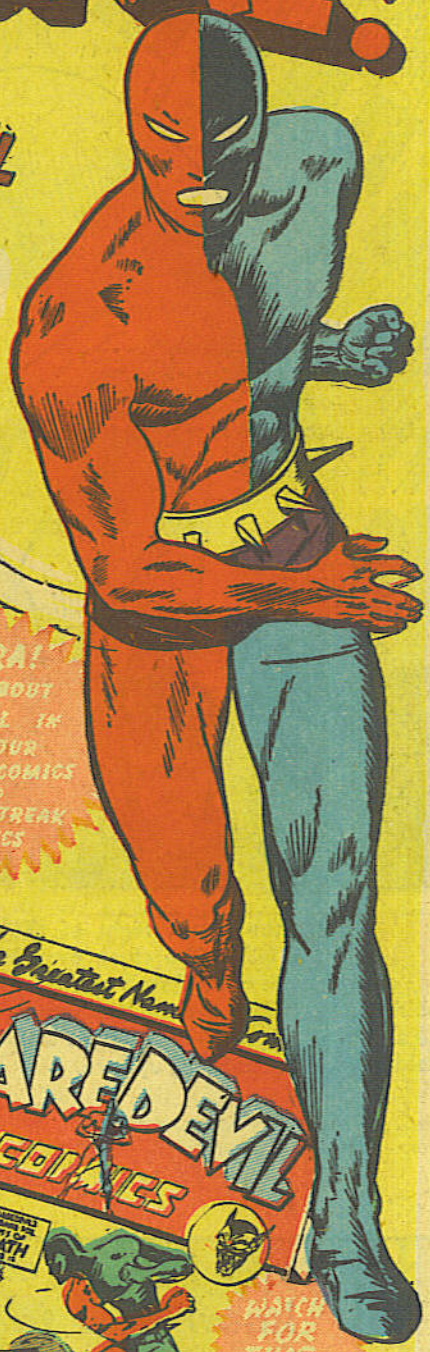
???



FOLLOW  
CAPTAIN BATTLE'S  
SILVERSTREAK  
COMICS EVERY MONTH!

# SENSATIONAL!

AT LAST!  
**DAREDEVIL**  
 AT HIS BEST  
 IN HIS OWN  
 COMIC BOOK!



# NEW DAREDEVIL COMICS

12  
 SMASH  
 FEATURES

THE MOST  
 SENSATIONAL CAST OF COMIC  
 BOOK CHARACTERS EVER ASSEMBLED—  
 STARRING DAREDEVIL HIMSELF—  
 AND INCLUDING—

THE **LAW**  
 WORLD'S WORST  
 VILLAIN\*

MORE RUTHLESS  
 AND CUNNING THAN EVER BEFORE  
 IS THIS MASTER OF DESTRUCTION  
 IN HIS GREED INSPIRED SCHEMES TO  
 CONQUER AMERICA.....



**REAL AMERICAN  
 #1**

SON OF AN INDIAN CHIEF—  
 JEFF DRAGON PROMINENT  
 YOUNG LEADER SAVES  
 THE BRONZE TERROR-  
 BOMBING TO JUSTICE  
 THE EVIL FORCES THAT  
 HARASS HIS PEOPLE—



The PIONEER  
 CHAMPION OF  
 AMERICA—

The WHIRLWIND

RECKLESS TERRY  
 TURNER YOUNG  
 LINERJACK COMES  
 FORTH TO RESIST  
 THE HEAVYWEIGHT  
 CROWN—



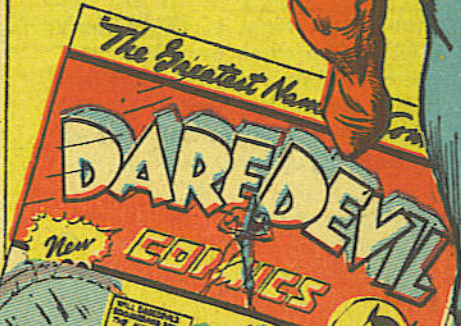
**NIGHTRO**  
 THE  
 STREAMLINED  
 ROBINHOOD—



EMERGING FROM  
 THE CHAOS AND  
 DEBRIS OF MAD-  
 DON ENGLAND IS A  
 DEBONAIR FIGURE  
 WHO WITH HIS CHARM  
 AND DASHING  
 BRAVADO INJECTS  
 A NEW SPIRIT INTO  
 THE HEARTS OF THE  
 SUFFERING BRITISH—

Also  
 FEATURING  
 SUCH SPECTACULAR  
 NEW STORIES AS—  
 PAT PATRIOT  
 LEADER OF YOUNG  
 AMERICA!  
 DASH DUNBAR  
 THRILLING SCHOOLBOY  
 STORY.....

EXTRA!  
 READ ABOUT  
 DAREDEVIL IN  
 BOTH YOUR  
 DAREDEVIL COMICS  
 AND  
 SILVER STREAK  
 COMICS



AND MANY OTHER FEATURES

WATCH  
 FOR  
 THIS  
 COVER

GET IT QUICK ON YOUR NEWSSTAND!



**N**IGHT, the velvet night of the African jungle, fell like a cloak over Rombasa. From the camouflaged airport on the outskirts of the village came a low hum. It swelled to a roar. Transport planes, loaded with German soldiers, were thundering upward.

● *By Jay Diger* ●

Captain Battle, concealed by the shadow of a tree on the edge of the forest, paused to look up at the grey cigar-like shapes of the big Junkers. "Heading east!" he said to himself. "I wonder . . ." He broke off suddenly . . . "I've got more to do than worry about German planes. They've got Lance Hale in the jug—and I've got to get him out somehow.

Suddenly there came the scrape of a heavy boot. A Nazi sentry was approaching. Noiselessly, Battle withdrew, becoming part of the jungle.

The Jungle could talk—and Lance Hale knew how to make it speak—when Captain Battle had to send his warning to the British under attack . . .

"Thought I saw something moving here!" the soldier said, half-aloud. "Guess it was some animal!"

Rifle on shoulder, he turned. Then Battle leaped, fist swinging. It caught the sentry square on the chin. Without a word the sentry slumped to the ground. Battle smiled grimly. "Hmm—just about my size!" He dragged the limp figure into the jungle. A few minutes later he emerged—in the grey uniform of the sentry.

**L**ANCE HALE, soldier of fortune, stared dully at the floor of his cell in the mud jail of Rombasa, and waited for the dawn. The previous night, as he stole toward the hut of the Nazi commandant in search of information for the British Secret Service, he had been captured . . . He was to die on the morrow . . . Suddenly he raised his eyes.

The cell door had opened. Before him stood the turnkey, a sour smile on his rat-face. Beside him was a German soldier. "They are going to execute you in a little while, ahead of schedule," the turnkey said.

Lance rose slowly from his coat. "Okay—I'm ready."

The soldier led him into the almost deserted street. A wild idea of escape flashed through Lance's brain, but the soldier seemed to divine the thought. "I wouldn't if I were you," he said, raising his gun. He seemed to be smiling.

To Lance it seemed they had been walking hours, but they were only on the edge of the jungle. "Well, where's the firing squad?" he demanded. "Let's get it over with!"

"Don't be a sap," the soldier said. Lance's eyes popped as the other took off his helmet. "Captain Battle!—well, I'll be—!"

"I was told you might be in custody. Learn anything?"

Plenty. The Nazis are going to blitz Dinya, the British base, tomorrow morning. Surprise attack!"

Battle's jaw fell. "It's a five hundred mile trip—but the lucefliers ought to get us there!" He whipped off the grey tunic, revealing the familiar rocket mechanism on his back. "Grab my arm!"

Flame flashed from the rocket as Battle and Lance roared into the air. "It won't be long now!" Lance said, smiling. But he was wrong. For from below came the rat-tat-tat of an anti-aircraft gun. They had been spotted!

A streak of white tracer bullets cut through the night.

**BANG!**

"There go the lucefliers!" Battle cried. "We're going to crash into a tree!"

They flung up their arms as the tree rushed up to meet them.

"Off!"

"Yeow!"

Desperately, their hands closed over the welter of branches into which they had fallen. They clung there a moment, panting. Then they descended, faces bleeding, their bodies bruised.

"Now what?" said Battle. "With the lucefliers damaged, we'll never get to Dinya to warn them!"

Lance grinned. "I've got an idea. Come along."

Wondering, Battle followed him into the jungle. Deeper and deeper they went, until the stars disappeared. The jungle now was like a gigantic pit. "Ah—here it is!" Lance whispered tensely. Battle bent closer. "What?"

Lance's hand swept aside a carpet of twigs, revealing a long, hollow log. Beside it lay a club.

"Go ahead," Battle said, "I'll bite!"

For reply, Lance grabbed the club and began to beat the log. BOOM! . . . BOOM! . . . BOOM! . . . Lance straightened up . . . "Listen!"

From the distance there came an answering Boom—Three times.

"I've got friends among the natives," Lance explained hurriedly. This is the jungle telegraph! They'll relay my message across Africa! He sank to one knee, and the forest resounded to the eerie sound . . . Boom! BOOM! BOOM!

One hour later, a big native, his body stained with sweat and dust, staggered into the headquarters of the Dinya Division of the British Army of the Nile. Lieut.-Col. Howard Smythe leaped to his feet.

"Somba! . . . What brings you here?"

The big African gasped out a reply. "Jungle Boom-bomb talk . . . It say big force German soldiers headed this way . . . Surprise attack at rising of sun . . . Message from Lance . . ."

"Then Battle must have helped him escape!" Smythe ejaculated. He whirled, picked up a phone. "All leaves cancelled! . . . Radio the fleet for reinforcements . . . Order the women and children into the air-raid shelters . . . We'll give these blitzers a little surprise!"

It was mid-day and the sun was a fiery ball as Battle and Lance pushed on toward Dinya. "We ought to hear from them soon," Lance said . . . "Unless the message got there too late!"

"I hope not! . . . It'd make a massacre!" Battle broke off . . . "Say! . . . Do you hear what I hear?"

Lance listened intently. A faint smile appeared on his lips. For the silent jungle was speaking. Boom! Boom! Boom! The jungle said.

"What's the message?" Battle demanded impatiently.

Lance translated the code aloud. "Nazis attacked . . . But Garrison prepared . . . we won thanks to you . . . Cheerio! . . . Smythé!"

The two men grinned at each other, then resumed the weary trek. In the distance the booming faded . . . The jungle had spoken . . .

**THE END**



# THE UNDERCOVER MAN



BY NATHANIEL NITKIN

DENNIS NEVILLE

FLOWER LADY, TOUGHIE, SOCIALITE, OR EMIGRANT --- NO MATTER UNDER WHAT DISGUISE -- PHIL BARROWS WAS FIRST OF ALL A VERY GOOD DETECTIVE, NOBODY KNEW HIM AS THE UNDERCOVER MAN WHO SEEMED TO KNOW WHAT GANGSTERS AND CRIMINALS WOULD DO NEXT!

DETECTIVE PHIL BARROWS REPORTS TO THE HOMICIDE SQUAD AT CENTRE STREET HEADQUARTERS.

HOWDY, BOYS! HAVE THE DIPS TAKEN YOUR WATCHES YET?

WELL, WELL, I'LL BE JIGGERED IF IT AIN'T PHIL BARROWS, THE KID THAT MADE GOOD AT 11TH PRECINCT!

LONE WOLVES AIN'T POPULAR HERE, KID?



DETECTIVE CAPTAIN CASSIDY HAS AN ASSIGNMENT FOR THE NEW MEMBER OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD.

YOU, DETECTIVE PHIL BARROWS, GO TO THIS ADDRESS. DOPEY BRODY WAS FOUND ... SHOT IN HIS SLEEP. HE WAS A STOOL PIGEON.

I'LL DO MY BEST SIR!



CASSIDY THOUGHT HE COULD GET RID OF ME FOR A SPELL, BUT I'LL SHOW HIM. DOPEY BRODY WAS AT THE D.A.'S TO SQUEAL ON JOE THE SNAKE!



SHOT IN HEART, THROAT, AND HEAD BY 38 BULLETS. HAS THE M.E.\* BEEN HERE YET?

YEAH, SAID DOPEY WAS SHOT IN HIS SLEEP ABOUT 2 A.M. SWEET DEATH FOR A SQUEALER.



\* MEDICAL EXAMINER

ANY FINGERPRINTS?

NOT MUCH. DOPEY LEFT PLENTY. THEN THERE WERE SOME GIRL'S PRINTS, BUT THE KILLERS MUST HAVE WORN GLOVES!



AS PHIL BARROWS IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, HE SEES EDUARDO DONATI, A POLITICAL WARD HEALER, TALKING TO A ROOKIE POLICEMAN.

DONATI! THIS IS HIS

FOR THE LAST TIME, I'M WARNING YOU NOT TO MESS THAT DISORDERLY ABOUT DOPEY'S KILLING! WARRANT ON BUGS HALLORAN!



REGAN, YOU KNOW I CAN BREAK YOU. IF YOU DO WHAT I SAY, YOU WILL FIND A BONUS IN YOUR PAY CHECK!



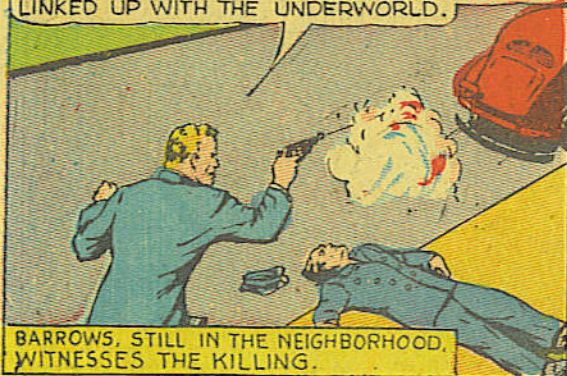
NO CHEAP POLITICIAN CAN BRIBE ME!



LATER IN THE DAY, AS PATROLMAN REGAN WALKS ALONG THE SIDEWALK, A SEDAN PASSES HIM AND . . . . .

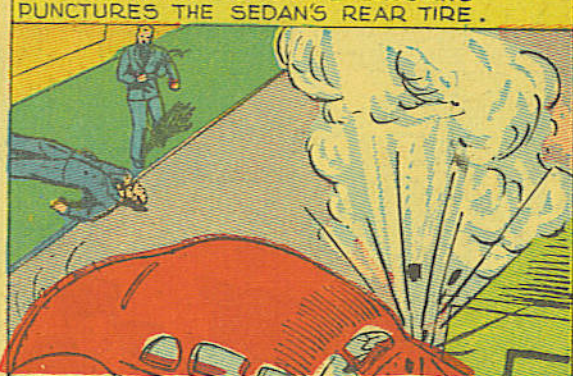


THEY GOT REGAN! I GUESSED RIGHT. DONATI'S LINKED UP WITH THE UNDERWORLD.

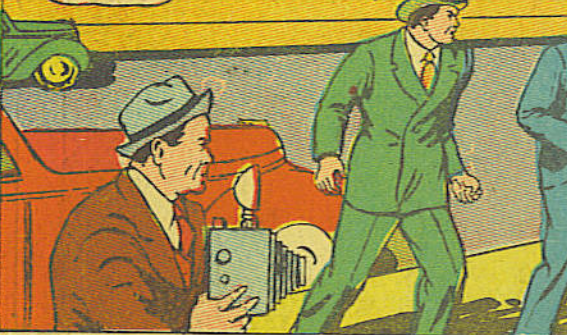


BARROWS, STILL IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, WITNESSES THE KILLING.

PHIL BARROWS' ACCURATE SHOOTING PUNCTURES THE SEDAN'S REAR TIRE.



GOOD WORK, KID, BUT WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?



REGAN REFUSED TO BE BRIBED, DONNELLY! PERHAPS IT'S THE SAME GANG THAT BUMPED OFF DOPEY BRODY!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BARROWS! BUT WE NEED PROOF!

I'LL GET THE PROOF!



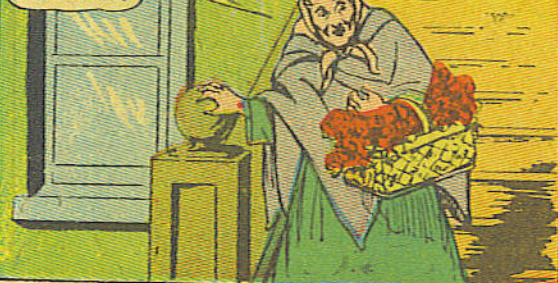
PHIL RETURNS TO HIS HOME AND TAKES OUT HIS MAKE-UP KIT.

THIS CALLS FOR A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK!



PHIL EMERGES FROM HIS HOUSE, AN OLD WOMAN CARRYING FLOWERS.

I'LL HAUNT DONATI'S WARD UNTIL I GET A LEAD!

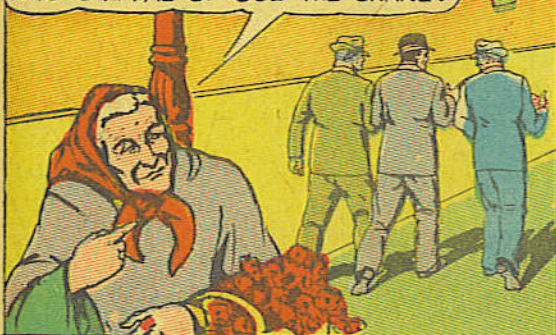


BUY A FLOWER, PLEASE! BUY A FLOWER!

OKAY! GIVE ME A QUARTERS WORTH.



I'M LUCKIER THAN I THOUGHT! THOSE TWO GUYS ARE BUGS HALLORAN AND FATS SCHULTZ! FATS IS A PAL OF JOE THE SNAKE!



THIS MAKE-UP HAS SERVED ITS PURPOSE! NOW, LET'S SEE . . . I HAVE IT!



PHIL BECOMES A HARDENED CRIMINAL— A GUNMAN JUST OUT OF THE PENITENTIARY.



IF DONATI GIVES FATS PROTECTION, HIS WARD'S THE BEST HUNTING GROUND. HEY— WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE? BING CO JEWELERS

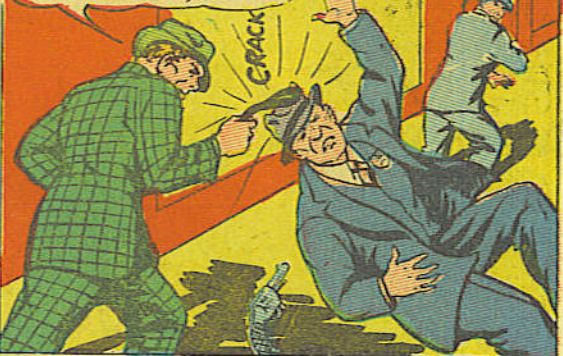


HALT OR I'LL FIRE!

GANGWAY!



TAKE THAT, COPPER! WAIT FOR ME, FATS!



WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU KNOW ME?

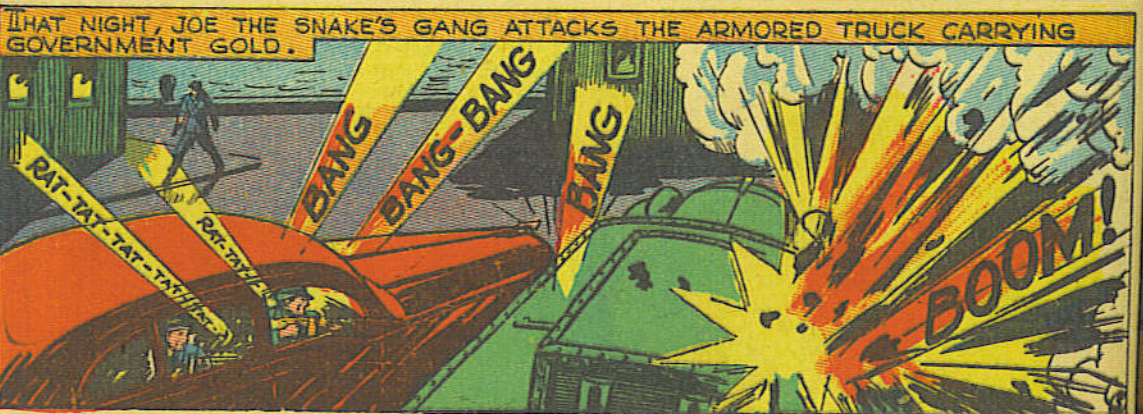
I'M SLUG MARTIN, JUST OUT OF THE BIG HOUSE— AND LOOKIN' FOR WORK!



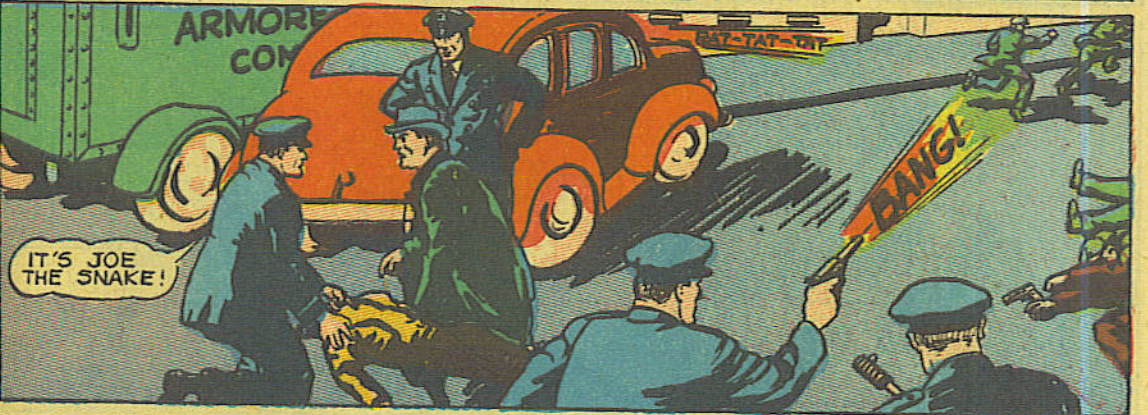
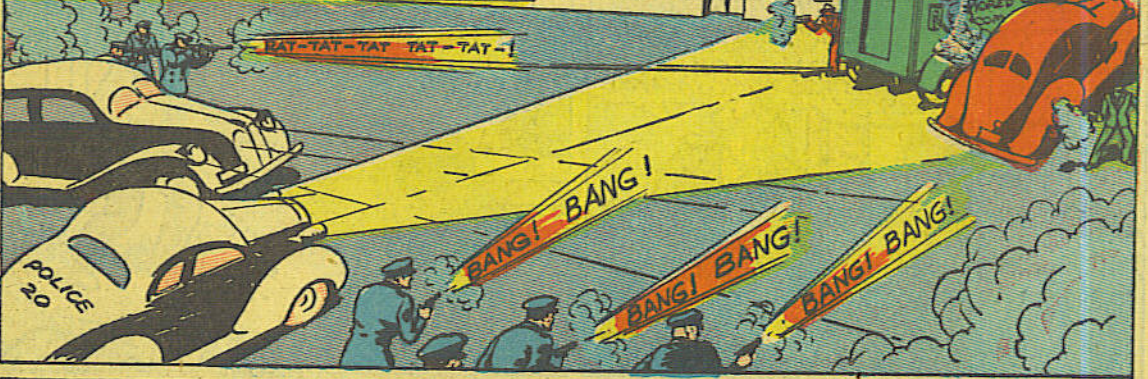
YEAH? WELL YOU SAVED ME FROM THAT FLATFOOT, SO I'LL SPEAK TO JOE THE SNAKE ABOUT GIVING YOU A JOB.

THANKS, FATS!





BUT THE POLICE ARE PREPARED FOR IT.



EDUARDO DONATI HAS AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I, TONY CARETTI, IN MUCHA TROUBLE... A BIG MAN LIKE YOU... MAYBE HELP!



MAKE IT SHORT! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

ONE THOUSAN' DOLLA'!



WHAT? YOU BARGE IN AT TWO IN THE MORNING AND ASK ME FOR A GRAND?

MAYBE... A BIG MAN LIKE YOU, HE PROTECT JOE THE SNAKE... HE KILL DOPEY BRODY... HE PLAN BIG HOLDUP... MAYBE HE GLAD TO PAY!



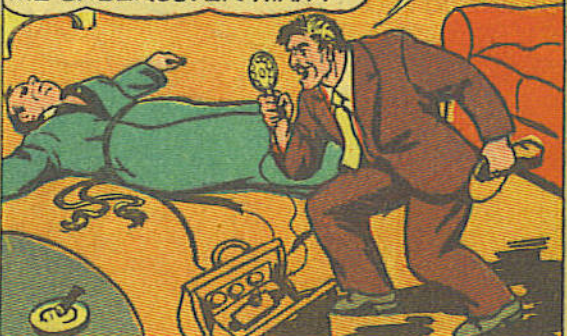
YOU FOOL! WHO WOULD BELIEVE YOU? HERE'S A HUNDRED BUCKS - BUT THAT'S ALL! NOW GET OUT!



THANKS! YOUR CONFESSION IS RECORDED IN THE DICTAPHONE IN MY SACHEL!



THIS EVIDENCE IS MEANT FOR THE POLICE - WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF - THE UNDERCOVER MAN!



LATER, DETECTIVE PHIL BARROWS BOOKS DONATI IN MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

EDUARDO DONATI, CHARGED WITH CONSPIRING WITH ONE JOE THE SNAKE TO MURDER DOPEY BRODY.



WHO'S THIS UNDERCOVER MAN?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW?

DETECTIVE BARROWS! THE D.A.'S LOOKING FOR YOU!



THRILLING ADVENTURE ART NARRATIVES

**TM**  
SILVER STREAK

COMICS EVERY MONTH!

# Gunner and Gupey

**GUNNER AND GUPEY**, JUST TWO ORDINARY AMERICAN BOYS, ONE FROM THE EAST SIDE NEW YORK CITY, ONE FROM THE FARM IN THE MID-WEST. THEY MEET IN A TANK— BECOME PALS IN WORK AND PLAY, SHARING THEIR JOYS AND GRIEFS TOGETHER IN OUR ARMY.

TH' SERGEANT SAID FOR ME TO REPORT TO TANK 13 AND BE THE GUNNER. BUT WHERE AT IS MY DRIVER. TH' DARN THING DON'T RUN BY ITSELF----

---OR DOES IT?

I'VE GOTTA MISERY

OINK-OINK  
CHUG-CLANK  
BONG-BLUK  
ANG-UNG  
CLANG-

REPORT TO TANK NO. 13

RAT-A TAT TAT

JAW.

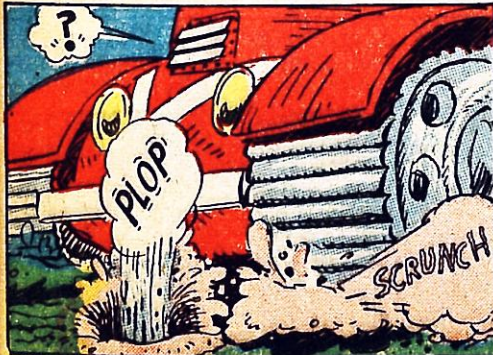
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!  
I WAS JES FOOLIN!  
STOP-STOP! I SAY!  
GO BACK.

I WONDER WHERE MY GUNNER IS?-- O-HUM, GUESS I'LL KINDA WARM UP!

TIP TOE

ELP-HELP!  
IT'S ALIVE--  
HASH, MINCE MEAT,  
I SHOULD BE.

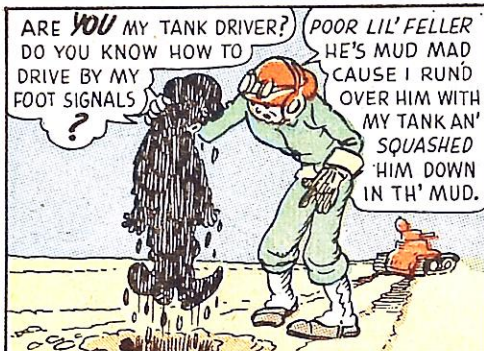
I WONDER WHAT THAT LITTLE FELLER IS RUNNING FOR?



GOSH, I GOTTA MISERY IN MY BACK AND IN MY HEART CAUSE I RUN OVER AND SQUASHED THAT LITTLE FELLER.

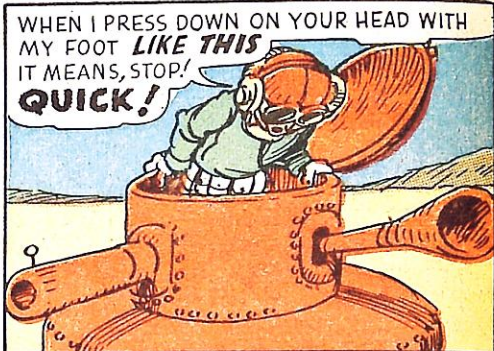
THUMP THUMP



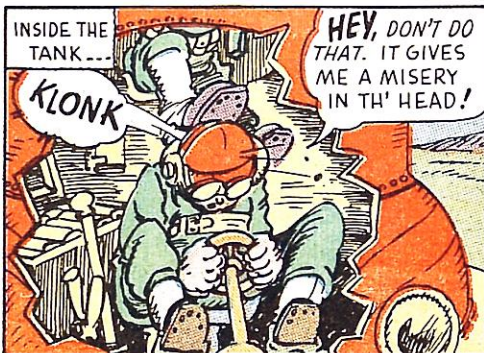


ARE YOU MY TANK DRIVER?  
DO YOU KNOW HOW TO  
DRIVE BY MY  
FOOT SIGNALS?

POOR LIL' FELLER  
HE'S MUD MAD  
CAUSE I RUND  
OVER HIM WITH  
MY TANK AN'  
SQUASHED  
HIM DOWN  
IN TH' MUD.



WHEN I PRESS DOWN ON YOUR HEAD WITH  
MY FOOT LIKE THIS  
IT MEANS, STOP!  
**QUICK!**



INSIDE THE  
TANK...

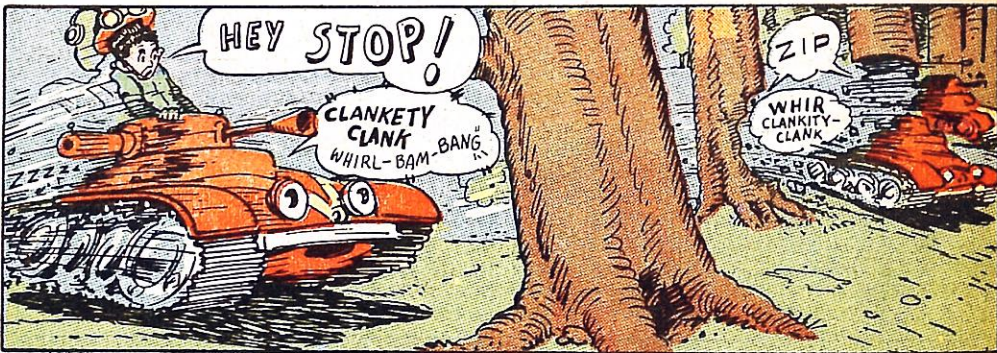
**KLONK**

HEY, DON'T DO  
THAT. IT GIVES  
ME A MISERY  
IN TH' HEAD!



WOW - A TRAVELIN' WE SHOULD GO!  
I HOPE MY DRIVER, TH' DOPE, KNOWS  
MY FOOT SIGNALS.

**CLANK-I-TY  
C-LANK**



**HEY STOP!**

**CLANKETY  
CLANK  
WHIRL-BAM-BANG!**

**ZIP**

**WHIR  
CLANKITY-  
CLANK**



GUNNER GIVES  
THE STOP  
SIGNAL

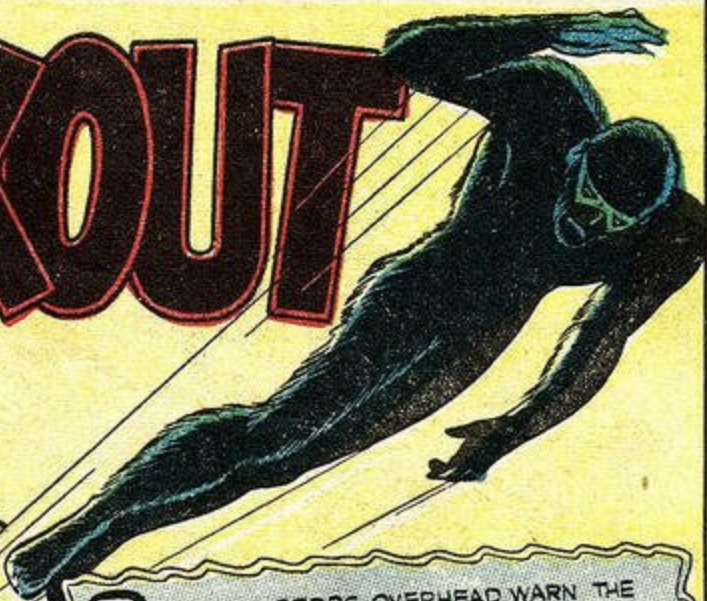
**KLONK**



I GAVE YOU TH'  
STOP SIGNAL  
YOU DOPE!

WELL - WE  
STOPPED DIDN'  
WE? HUH?

# BLACKOUT



**D**RONING MOTORS OVERHEAD WARN THE PEOPLE OF BOMB INFESTED CITIES THAT A KILLER, WORSE THAN PLAGUE, HAS COME... **BOMBS!** THE ONLY PROTECTION FROM THIS MARAUDING SCOURGE COMES WHEN THE CURTAIN OF NIGHT DROPS OVER THE CITY, LIKE A GUARDIAN CLOAK! BUT... SPIRALING ABOVE THE CITY... FROM THE FORLORN RUINS... THERE APPEARS ANOTHER DEFENDER OF HUMANITY... HE IS **BLACKOUT!** FRIEND OF THE OPPRESSED!!

"WAR IS BUT MURDER IN UNIFORM"; DOUGLAS JERROLD.

**BELGRADE YUGOSLAVIA, APRIL... 1941; A MONOTONOUS WAIL PIERCES THE EARS OF MEN AND WOMEN CAUGHT IN THE MAELSTROM OF WAR! IT'S AN AIR RAID! AND AS THUNDEROUS BLASTS ECHO THROUGHOUT THE STREETS...**

**TO THE SHELTERS, QUICK!**



...AN ENDLESS PROCESSION OF BOMB VICTIMS STREAM INTO BELGRADE'S MEDICAL HOSPITAL WHERE BASIL BRUSILOFF WORKS FEVERISHLY UNDER THE LIGHT OF AN EMERGENCY LAMP.

**WE NEED MORE ANTI-TETANUS SERUM, DR. BRUSILOFF!**

**TAKE OVER HERE! I'LL GET IT!**



**I**N THE LABORATORY....

**WHY? WHY? WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO BE ATTACKED SO BRUTALLY? MANGLED WOMEN... MEN SCREAMING IN DYING AGONY! WHY? IT SHOULD NOT BE!**

**WHAT'S THAT?**



IT'S COMING CLOSER! A DIVE BOMBER! LORD! DOESN'T THE ACCURSED DEVIL KNOW THIS IS A HOSPITAL? NO! NO! DON'T!



BUT DR. BRUSILOFF'S HYSTERICAL PLEADING COULD NEVER BE HEARD BY THE GAUNT PILOT WHO DROPS HIS CARGO OF DEATH ON THE HOSPITAL ROOF!



A TERRIFIC CONCUSSION OF FLAME AND BRUTE FORCE SMASHES INTO THE LABORATORY!



WHEN A SHROUDED MYSTERY OVERTAKES THE ROOM, AS THE CHEMICALS AND MEDICINES SPILLED FROM SHATTERED BOTTLES, IGNITE TO BILLOW OUT STREAMS OF JET BLACK SMOKE THAT WHIRLS AROUND DR. BRUSILOFF WITH CYCLONIC FORCE!



THE CHOKING FUMES EVAPORATE AND A NEW MYSTIFICATION COMMENCES, AS DR. BRUSILOFF'S CLOTHES DISINTEGRATE OFF HIS BODY AND...

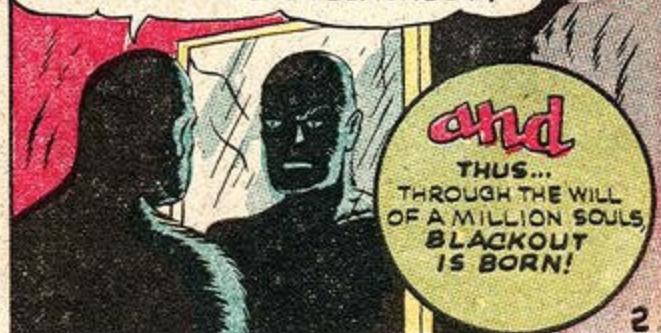
SURPRIS...!

MY BODY! IT'S TURNED BLACK... DEEPER THAN NIGHT!



STANDING BEFORE A MIRROR, HE VIEWS HIS EBONY REFLECTION! AT THE SAME TIME, HE EXPERIENCES A NEW-FOUND THRILL, AS TREMENDOUS ENERGY SURGES THROUGH HIS FRAME!

WHAT HAS CAUSED THIS TO ME, I DO NOT CARE! ALL THAT I KNOW IS, I FEEL THE MIGHTY COMMAND OF A MILLION SOULS, WHO HAVE PERISHED FROM OPPRESSION IN THE STRUGGLE TO KEEP DEMOCRACY ALIVE, APPEALING TO ME TO CARRY ON THEIR IDEALS! I MUST BLACKOUT TYRANNY... YES I WILL! FOR I AM **BLACKOUT**!



**TWELVE HOURS LATER... THREE BOMBERS HEDGE THE OUTSKIRTS OF BELGRADE...**

UNDER THIS CONTINUED BOMBING THE CAPITOL WILL SOON FALL!

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE ARYAN!

**-AND JOCKEY OVER THE WAREHOUSES WHERE THEY DROP THEIR BOMBS UNERRINGLY FOR THE TARGET BELOW!**

**THEN, UPWARD FROM THE RUINS OF A BOMBED HOSPITAL, ZOOMS A LIVID FIGURE, LEAVING BEHIND A PITCHY SMOKE...IT IS BLACKOUT!**

HMM! THAT QUIET SPELL DID NOT LAST LONG! THERE ARE THREE MOSQUITOS TRYING TO BITE INNOCENT PEOPLE AGAIN!

**W**ITH THE BLACKOUT GAS SHOOTING FROM THE PORES IN HIS BODY, BLACKOUT BANKS SHARPLY AND THE FORCE OF THE EXHAUSTING SMOKE THROWS THE BOMBS OFF COURSE!

BUT... BLACKOUT WON'T LET THEM!

**... AND THEY EXPLODE HARMLESSLY IN THE SAVO RIVER TO THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CITY!**

HANS! DID YOU SEE THAT?

YA! IT MUST BE THE SECRET WEAPON WE HAVE HEARD RUMORS ABOUT! IT CAN'T BE HUMAN!

**MORTAL FEAR GRIPS THE PILOTS AS BLACKOUT PURSUES THEM!**

HA! THEY COVER AT SOMETHING THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND!

WE'LL REPORT THIS TO THE HIGH COMMAND!

**BLACKOUT TAILS THE PLANES INTO ENEMY LAND, AND TIRING OF THE CHASE...**

THIS IS GETTING DULL!

...DECIDES TO END IT!

PARDON MY SMOKE, CHUMS!

OUT OF CONTROL THE PLANES CRASH TO EARTH!

THE DENSE BLACKOUT SMOKE SEEPS INTO THE PLANE!

I CAN'T SEE! ...CAN'T BREATHE...!

AGHRH!

AND AS I HAVE BLACKED OUT THESE ENEMIES OF LIBERTY... SO SHALL I DO TO ALL WHO'D CAUSE OPPRESSION TO REIGN

SUDDENLY..

SAY! WHAT IS THIS?

A PITIFUL SIGHT IS REVEALED TO BLACKOUT AS HE SEES HUNDREDS OF BEDRAGGLED PEOPLE MARCHING WEARILY UNDER VICIOUS PRODS OF KEEN-EDGED BAYONETS!

SO, YOU WON'T MARCH, EH? TAKE THIS!

...CAN'T... I'M EXHAUSTED! NO! PLEASE!

AH! HIT HER, JOSEF!

I BET YOU'D HIT YOUR OWN MOTHER!

OOH!

HUH?

SNATCHING THE FALLEN RIFLE, BLACKOUT CRACKS INTO THE OTHER GUARD!



WHAT ARE YOU HUHNG ABOUT?

WHAT INSULT TO JUSTICE IS THIS? GUARDS BEATING WOMEN...HUNGRY MEN?



WE ARE PRISONERS FROM OCCUPIED LAND, DRAFTED INTO LABOR! THEY CHAIN US TO MACHINES... AND MAKE US MANUFACTURE TANKS! IF WE REFUSE, THEY FORCE US TO MARCH IN THE YARDS ALL DAY!

NONE OF US ARE FIT TO DO THE WORK! IT'S TERRIBLE! QUICK! GET IN LINE...HERE COME MORE GUARDS!



COURAGE, PEOPLE, YOU SHALL SEE FREEDOM YET!

IT WON'T HELP TO ATTACK THE GUARDS! I MUST DESTROY THE TYRANNY AT ITS SOURCE!

LATER...ON THE ENEMY FACTORY GROUNDS.

INFORMATION IS WHAT I NEED AND THIS IS THE WAY TO GET IT!

*The* HASTY WARNING SENDS THE HAPLESS PEOPLE SCURRYING BACK INTO LINE, AS BLACK-OUT WISELY DRAWS AWAY...



COULD YOU BE LOOKING FOR ME? I AM HIMMEL...BAH! SHOOT BOTH OF THEM... I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE ON TRAITOROUS GUARDS AND BLACK-ENED FOOLS.

WHA?

YAH!



WHO IS IN CHARGE OF THIS SLAVE FACTORY? SPEAK!

STOP! I'LL TELL! IT'S HEINRICH HIMMEL!



ON A FLASH, BLACKOUT CIRCLES AROUND HIMMEL AND THROWS OUT A WALL OF RAVEN SMOKE!



EKK! HAVE I GONE MAD?

EEOOW!

YOU WERE MAD LONG BEFORE THIS, SCREWBALL!



OW!

WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU... YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE NEVER PART OF THIS BLOODY GOVERNMENT!

OW!

OW!



SWINE! I MUST GET AWAY! THE SMOKE WILL COVER ME UP!



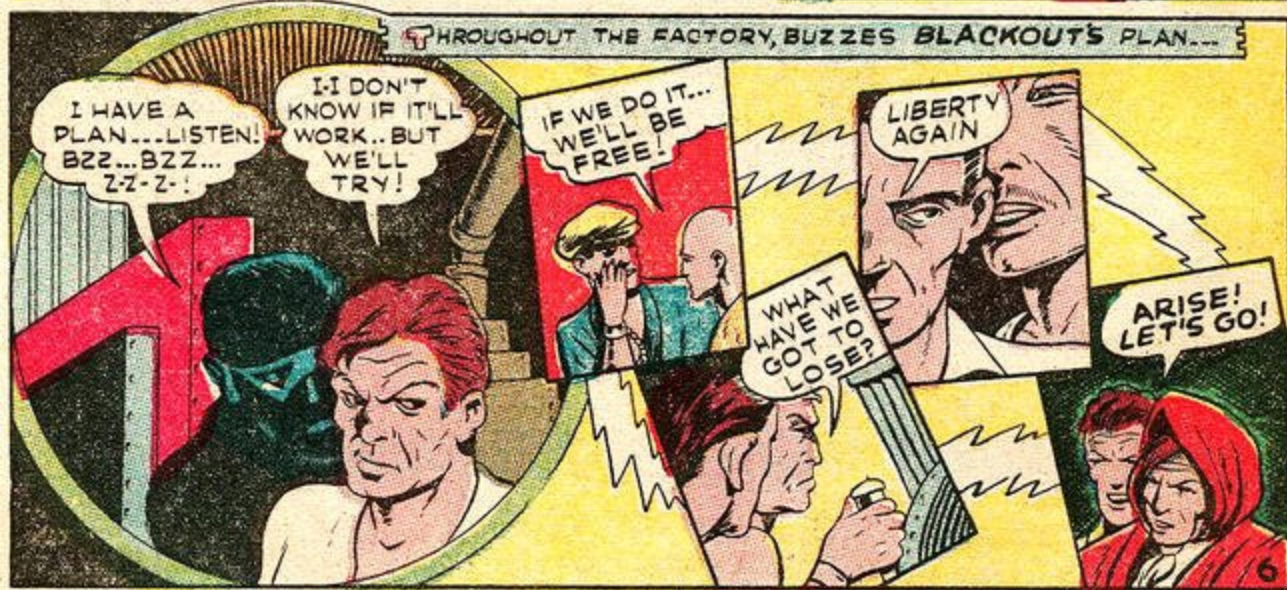
HE'S GONE! I'LL ATTEND TO HIM LATER... RIGHT NOW I HAVE TO PROVE TO THOSE PEOPLE THAT LIBERTY STILL EXISTS FOR THEM!



WHO ARE YOU?

SHH! FREEDOM IS HERE FOR YOU!

WENDING HIS WAY CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE FACTORY, BLACKOUT ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF AN OPPRESSED WORKER...



THROUGHOUT THE FACTORY, BUZZES BLACKOUT'S PLAN...

I HAVE A PLAN... LISTEN! BZZ... BZZ... Z-Z-Z!

I-I DON'T KNOW IF IT'LL WORK... BUT WE'LL TRY!

IF WE DO IT... WE'LL BE FREE!

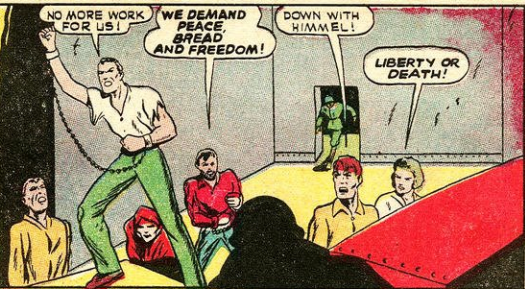
LIBERTY AGAIN

WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO LOSE?

ARISE! LET'S GO!

**FOR**  
ONE  
OMINOUS  
MOMENT,  
SILENCE  
LINGERS  
THROUGHOUT  
THE FACTORY!

**Then**  
THE  
WHIRRING  
MACHINERY  
GRINDS TO  
A HALT, AS  
HOWLING  
VOICES  
RING OUT!



NO MORE WORK  
FOR US!

WE DEMAND  
PEACE  
BREAD  
AND FREEDOM!

DOWN WITH  
HIMMEL!

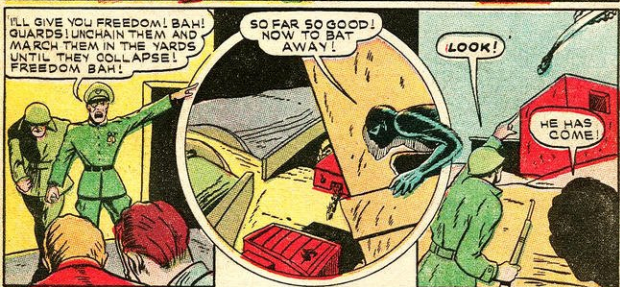
LIBERTY OR  
DEATH!

I'LL GIVE YOU FREEDOM! BAH!  
GUARDS! UNCHAIN THEM AND  
MARCH THEM IN THE YARDS  
UNTIL THEY COLLAPSE!  
FREEDOM BAH!

SO FAR SO GOOD!  
NOW TO BAT  
AWAY!

LOOK!

HE HAS  
COME!

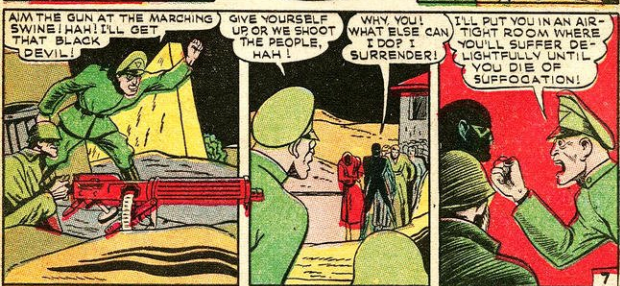


AIM THE GUN AT THE MARCHING  
SWINE! HAH! I'LL GET  
THAT BLACK  
DEVIL!

GIVE YOURSELF  
UP OR WE SHOOT  
THE PEOPLE,  
HAH!

WHY, YOU!  
WHAT ELSE CAN  
I DO? I  
SURRENDER!

I'LL PUT YOU IN AN AIR-  
TIGHT ROOM WHERE  
YOU'LL SUFFER DE-  
LIGHTFULLY UNTIL  
YOU DIE OF  
SUFFOCATION!





**BLACKOUT IS RUTHLESSLY THROWN INTO A STEEL-GIRDED CELL AND THE AIR-TIGHT DOOR IS SHUT...**

**WHEW! I WONDER HOW MANY VICTIMS THIS TORTURE CHAMBER HAS CLAIMED? SAY! THEY'RE DRAWING THE AIR OUT NOW!**

**IT'S STARTED ALREADY... GETTING DIFFICULT TO BREATHE! NO! I CAN'T LET THOSE HELPLESS PEOPLE DOWN! ARRR!**

**MEANWHILE... HIMMEL, WITH SADISTIC PLEASURE EXECUTES HIS BRUTALITY OVER THE MARCHING PEOPLE!**

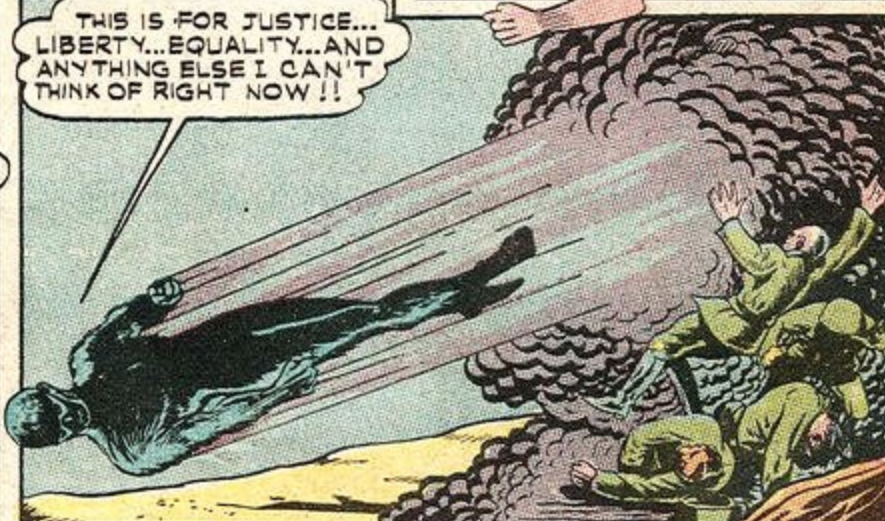
**UP ON YOUR FEET, PIGS! MARCH! HA! YOU THOUGHT THAT BLACK DEVIL WOULD GIVE YOU FREEDOM! BAH! MARCH! HAH!**



**A TERRIFIC DETONATION DROWNS OUT HIMMEL'S CRAZED VOICE, AS THE ROOF OF THE FACTORY BLOWS OFF AND OUT SHOOTS BLACKOUT!**

**LEAVING OUT BLACKOUT SMOKE DID IT! IT BUILT UP TONS OF PRESSURE AND BLEW THE CELL APART! NOW TO EDUCATE THOSE SLOBS WITH DECENCY !!**

**THIS IS FOR JUSTICE... LIBERTY... EQUALITY... AND ANYTHING ELSE I CAN'T THINK OF RIGHT NOW !!**



**THE GUARDS SUCCUMB TO BLACKOUT'S WHIRLWIND ATTACK... THEN THE NEWLY FREED PEOPLE GATHER AROUND HIM!**

**SUDDENLY... THE GARAGE DOORS OPEN AND A TANK DARTS FORWARD... ITS GUNS BELCHING DEATH!**

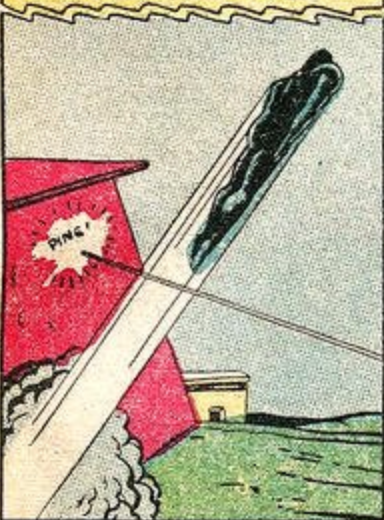
**BLESS YOU SIR! I.....!**  
**NO TIME FOR THAT! WHERE DO THEY STORE THE COMPLETED TANKS?**  
**IN THAT BIG GARAGE!**



**HIMMEL! TAKE DEATH, AS THE PRICE FOR YOUR FOOLISH FREEDOM!**

**RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!**

**BLACKOUT CATAPULTS  
OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE...**



NOW TO FILL THAT SLAVE-DRIVER SO FULL OF SMOKE, HE'LL THINK HE'S IN HADES!



THROUGH A PEEP HOLE IN THE SIDE OF THE TANK, HE SENDS A MASS OF SMOKE!

AGH! I'M SUFFOCATING!  
LET ME OUT!

THAT'S BETTER! THIS GUY MUST BE THE DEVIL HIMSELF!



BEFORE HIMMEL CAN MAKE A BREAK, BLACKOUT SLAMS INTO HIM...

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?



...AND TOSSES HIM TO THE MEN AND WOMEN!

MERCY.. NO!



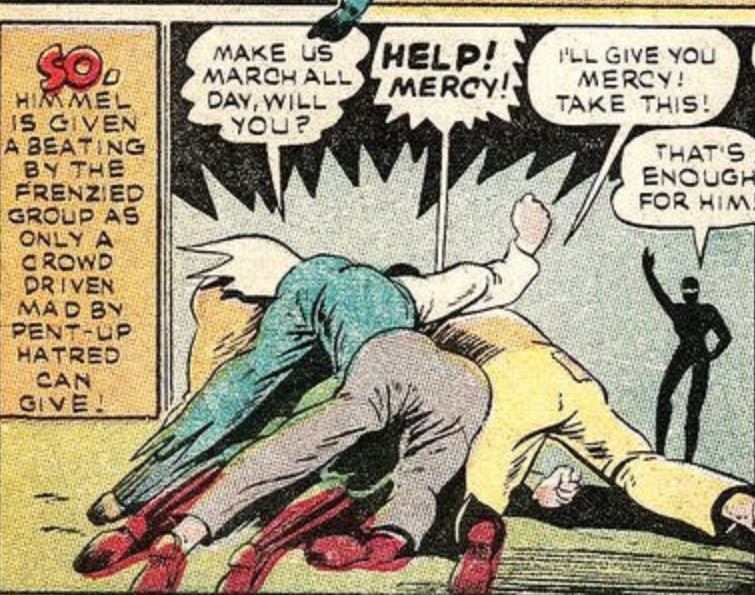
**SO** HIMMEL IS GIVEN A BEATING BY THE FRENZIED GROUP AS ONLY A CROWD DRIVEN MAD BY PENT-UP HATRED CAN GIVE!

MAKE US MARCH ALL DAY, WILL YOU?

HELP!  
MERCY!

I'LL GIVE YOU MERCY!  
TAKE THIS!

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR HIM!



ALL MEN ABLE TO DRIVE, TAKE OVER THE TANKS... PILE IN AS MANY PEOPLE AS THEY WILL HOLD!

AS YOU SAY, BLACKOUT!

SURE!  
HE'LL GIVE US LIBERTY!



INSTRUCTING THE PEOPLE CAREFULLY...  
**BLACKOUT** THEN ISSUES AN EBONY SMOKE,  
WHICH FORMS A SCREENING TUNNEL... THE  
TANKS, LADEN WITH PEOPLE, SPEED INTO IT!

**HURRAH!**  
WE'RE  
OFF!

THREE CHEERS FOR  
**BLACKOUT** AND  
FREEDOM!

THROUGH  
MOUNTAIN  
BY-PASSES,  
AND  
CROWDED  
CITY STREETS,  
FLASHES  
**BLACKOUT**  
AND  
TANKS,  
HIDDEN IN  
THE  
DENSE  
SMOKE  
SCREEN!

**GAS!**  
YEEOW!

LET ME  
OUT OF HERE!  
THE ENEMY  
IS UPON  
US!

**and**

THE  
FANTASTIC  
TRIP  
NEARS  
ITS  
END, AS  
HE ZIPS  
BY THE  
BORDER  
GUARDS  
INTO  
FRIENDLY  
TERRITORY!

**HOLY  
JUPITER!**

AT LAST!  
THAT WAS A PLEAS-  
ANT SIGHT-SEEING  
TOUR!

THE LAST TANK ROLLS THROUGH AS THE  
SMOKE BARRIER FADES AWAY!

**WOW!**  
WE  
MADE  
IT!

**FREEDOM  
IS OURS!**

**HEY!**

YOU DID IT, MR. **BLACKOUT**!  
WE'RE FREE AGAIN...  
THANKS TO YOU!

YOU ARE A  
CRUSADER AGAINST  
OPPRESSION!

LONG LIVE  
**BLACKOUT**!

THANK YOU, EVERYONE... THE  
AUTHORITIES HERE WILL TREAT  
YOU WITH RESPECT! WHEN THE  
HOSTILITIES ARE OVER, I'M  
SURE YOUR LAND WILL WELCOME  
YOU BACK... AND YOU WILL  
NEVER AGAIN BE SLAVES  
OF BRUTAL TYRANNY!

**DON  
RICO**



**BEST** of them **ALL!**

**SILVER**  
**STREAK**  
**COMICS**



**M**ETEOR  
CITY YOUNGSTER  
TURNED  
**STREAK!**



*The Great*  
**SILVER**  
**STREAK**



*The One and Only*  
**CAPT. BATTLE**  
AND HIS SKY-SOARING PROTEGE  
**MALE BATTLE!**



*The*  
**DAREDEVIL**  
SWORN FOE  
OF CRIME

THE MOST  
BREATH-TAKING  
FEATURES IN  
COMIC BOOK HISTORY  
**NOW** APPEAR **TOGETHER**  
IN ONE GREAT BOOK!  
**DON'T MISS**  
**SILVER STREAK COMICS**  
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

**NOW** AND EVERY MONTH

**3 POWERFULL FEATURES!**

Captain Battle Comics #1

1941 Series - Lev Gleason, Summer 1941, coverprice 10.00 , 68 pages.

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George Harrison (Pencils) George Harrison (Inks) ? (Colors) ? (Letters)

Cover Feature: Captain Battle

Character appearances:

Captain Battle

Genre: Super-Hero

Editor: Lev Gleason

This series has been indexed by

Lou Mouglin .

Stories/features:

1. Captain Battle Conquers the Nazi Terror

Feature: Captain Battle

2. Savior of Chungking

Feature: Captain Battle

3. The League of Hooded Men

Feature: Captain Battle

4. Drums Over Africa

Feature: Captain Battle and Lance Hale

5. [Death of a Stool Pigeon]

Feature: Undercover Man

6. [I've Gotta Misery]

Feature: Gunner and Gupey

7. Avenger of the War Victims

Feature: Blackout

Series info

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Captain Battle Conquers the Nazi Terror

(Sequence 1 - Story , 16 pages )

Feature Story: Captain Battle

Credits:  
Kermit Jaediker? (Script), Frank Borth (signed) (Pencils), Frank Borth (signed) (Inks), Funnies, Inc. [the Jacquet Shop] (Colors), Funnies, Inc. [the Jacquet Shop] (Letters).

Character appearances:  
Captain Battle

Reprinted: In Captain Battle Comics #5 (Summer 1943).

Genre: Super-Hero

Indexer notes:  
Updated Script, Pencil, and Ink credits from Eric Schumacher (December 8, 2005). Originally credited to Jack Binder.

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Savior of Chungking  
(Sequence 2 - Story , 16 pages )  
Feature Story: Captain Battle

Credits:  
Kermit Jaediker? (Script), George Mandel (Pencils), George Mandel (Inks), Funnies, Inc. [the Jacquet Shop] (Colors), Funnies, Inc. [the Jacquet Shop] (Letters).

Character appearances:  
Captain Battle

Reprinted: In Captain Battle Comics #5 (Summer 1943).

Genre: Super-Hero

Indexer notes:  
Updated Script, Pencil, and Ink credits from Eric Schumacher (December 8, 2005). Originally credited to Jack Binder.

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The League of Hooded Men  
(Sequence 3 - Story , 10 pages )  
Feature Story: Captain Battle

Credits:  
Kermit Jaediker? (Script), George Mandel (Pencils), George Mandel (Inks), Funnies, Inc. [the Jacquet Shop] (Colors), Funnies, Inc. [the Jacquet Shop] (Letters).

Character appearances:  
Villain: The FFF (Fire, Force and Fear).

Reprinted: In Captain Battle Comics #5 (Summer 1943)

Genre: Super-Hero

Indexer notes:

Updated Script, Pencil, and Ink credits from Eric Schumacher (December 8, 2005). Originally credited to Jack Binder.

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Drums Over Africa

(Sequence 4 - Text Story , 2 pages )

Feature Story: Captain Battle and Lance Hale

Credits:  
Kermit Jaediker [as Jay Diger] (signed) (Script), Harold De Lay? (illo) (Pencils), Harold De Lay? (illo) (Inks), ? (Colors), Typeset (Letters).

Character appearances:  
Captain Battle; Lance Hale

Reprinted: In Captain Battle Comics #5 (Summer 1943).

Genre: Super-Hero; Adventure

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[Death of a Stool Pigeon]

(Sequence 5 - Story , 7 pages )

Feature Story: Undercover Man

Credits:  
Nathaniel Nitkin (Script), Dennis Neville (Pencils), Dennis Neville (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:  
Undercover Man [Phil Barrows] (Introduction)

Reprinted: In Captain Battle Comics #5 (Summer 1943)

Genre: Detective

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[I've Gotta Misery]

(Sequence 6 - Story , 2 pages )

Feature Story: Gunner and Gupey

Credits:  
Jack Warren [as J.A.W.] (Script), Jack Warren [as J.A.W.] (Pencils), Jack Warren [as J.A.W.] (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:  
Gunner and Gupey (Introduction)

Reprinted: In Captain Battle Comics #5 (Summer 1943)



Genre: Humor

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Avenger of the War Victims  
(Sequence 7 - Story , 10 pages )  
Feature Story: Blackout

Credits:  
Don Rico; ? [as KAB?] (Script), Don Rico; ? [as KAB?] (Pencils), Don Rico; ? [as KAB?] (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:  
Blackout [Dr. Basil Brusiloff] (Introduction; Origin)

Reprinted: In Captain Battle Comics #5 (Summer 1943)

Genre: Super-Hero

Indexer notes:  
Under Rico's signature are 3 small letters that appear to be "KAB," possibly an assistant or the writer. It is unknown who this second person could be.

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